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## THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

The circulation of the SATURDAY REVIEW has increased so largely as to render it impossible to carry on the publication any longer on the premises of Messrs. JOHN W. PARKER AND SON. Those gentlemen, to whom the best thanks of the Proprietors are due for their exertions in promoting the interests of the REVIEW, have now discontinued their connexion with it; and a new Office has been established at No. 39, Southampton-street, Strand, to which the Proprietors request that all Advertisements and Communications may henceforth be addressed.

As many applications have been made for the entire series of the REVIEW from its commencement, it may be convenient to state that the Numbers of which the impression is exhausted will be shortly reprinted. A few bound copies of Volumes I. and II. will also be prepared; and it is requested that persons desirous of obtaining them will intimate their wish without delay to the Publisher, at the new Office.

## CHINA.

THE state of affairs in China is such that no news is emphatically bad news. Mail after mail arrives with the same monotonous story of "nothing done." The hot season is already setting in, and it is notorious to all persons acquainted with the climate that nothing can now be even attempted before October. We have no desire to go back to the worn-out question of the original ground of quarrel, but we are entitled to ask the friends and admirers of Sir JOHN BOWRING what they now think of his prudence and foresight. We are willing to assume that the whole case on the part of the Government was completely made out—that there were outrages to be avenged, treaties to be enforced, and that the time had arrived when terms were to be exacted—but we must still ask what is to be thought of a policy which has exposed us to the humiliation of advancing demands which we were unprepared to enforce? In the recent debates we were told, again and again, that the insult cast on our flag might be small, but that the intended offence was great. We were lectured, with all the arts of rhetorical patriotism, on the paramount necessity of maintaining the prestige of England by an instantaneous vindication of her outraged honour. This was the excuse alleged for the question at issue between Sir JOHN BOWRING and Commissioner YEH not having been referred to the Government at home. The matter, we were told, could not wait. With barbarous nations, to be prompt and decisive is half the battle. Our European ideas were wholly inapplicable to Canton. What was wanting was just a small but speedy display of vigour, a few bombshells at moderate intervals, and all would be quietly settled. Such was the line of argument with which all persons who ventured to doubt the sagacity of Sir J. BOWRING were summarily disposed of. If, however, it was of such vital importance that the quarrel should be fought out at once—if the necessity for action was so pressing that there was no time to write home for instructions—we must at least remark that the BOWRING policy hardly seems to have accomplished the desired end. The success of the people of Canton in baffling our power for twelve months will probably neither tend to diminish their arrogance nor to increase the prestige of the English name. If it be said that we are sure to prevail in the end, we of course admit the assertion, but deny its relevancy. If we can afford to wait a year before establishing our military superiority, perhaps it might have been possible for Sir J. BOWRING to have held his hand last November for three months, till he had received the requisite force and instructions from home. It is undeniable that our situation is much worse now than it was before the unfortunate and abortive attempts of last winter to coerce the Governor of Canton. If "a great nation cannot

afford to have little wars," still less can such a country as England afford to be baffled by such a people as the Chinese. Assuming that we had just cause of offence, the commonest prudence required that our demands should be made in a manner and with a force which should compel immediate respect. Instead of that, we have been engaged for six months in a petty brawl in which we have by no means had the best of it. Our factories have been burnt, our merchants expelled, and our navy driven out of the river; and the population of Canton, instead of fearing and respecting us, are no doubt cherishing a foolish exultation over our disasters and defeat.

Assuredly, Sir J. BOWRING has taken a singular method of re-establishing the prestige of England. But for his inordinate self-conceit, the whole question would at first have been remitted to the consideration of the Home Government, whose duty it would then have been to determine on the course to be adopted, and to take care that the means were at hand to carry it into effect. As matters stand, however, we find ourselves compromised and disgraced by a futile attempt, and we shall now have to fight, not so much to enforce any particular claim as to wipe out the recollection of our discomfiture. For this we have to thank the ignorance and vanity of Sir J. BOWRING, whose conduct Ministers have undertaken to justify. We should like to know whether, at the commencement of this affair, Lord PALMERSTON had any idea that we were embarked in a quarrel in which the Chinese would succeed in keeping us at bay for a year? If, as we believe, the Government imagined that the whole matter was to be disposed of in a few days, we wonder what they now think of the accuracy of Sir J. BOWRING's information and the soundness of his judgment, when he assured them that it would be the easiest thing in the world to effect his entry into Canton.

As showing the state of feeling created on the spot by the present posture of affairs, we copy the following passage from a clever letter addressed to the *Times* by a correspondent:—"All the way from this northward to our farthest port, it appears to be the general impression among those best qualified by experience to judge, that the delay in the ADMIRAL's operations against Canton, caused by the perhaps very proper resolution to await the arrival of reinforcements, is creating immense mischief in the interior, and giving warranty for the report industriously circulated by the Cantonese that we have been defeated and driven away from the city of Rama." We know that many persons, imperfectly acquainted with the internal condition of China, have built great hopes upon the great revolutionary movement which is going on in the heart of the Empire. It is assumed that the rebels will necessarily take our side against the Imperial Government. Upon this point the remarks of the *Times's* correspondent are instructive, and seem to us just:—

I do not know that the gravity of this intelligence from a quarter where hitherto the long animosities of North and South have wrought in our favour by supporting the prestige of our fame and fortune is much compensated by the tidings, which are also come to hand, of great and important advantages gained by the insurgent Emperor over his rival of Peking. If the Nankin Government is not persuaded that Canton is not impregnable to the skill and valour of the barbarians, the fall of the Tartar influence within its walls will signify nothing, or worse than nothing for the purposes of our diplomacy. The Viceroy Yeh has already shown us what sacrifices of private affection and hatred he is capable of making to the grand policy of keeping China to the Chinese government. At the taking of Nankin his wives, his children, and all his house, were massacred by the Iconoclasts, who are now reigning there in the stead of his master, and the decapitation of some 70,000 "rebels" by his order, at Canton, attests the sincerity of his avowed love of vengeance. Yet their surviving brethren in arms and himself are now leagued in the common cause of "Canton for the Cantonese," and the Yellow Dragon of the "White Emperor" floats from the masthead of every war junk in the combined fleets on the waters of the "Pearl." It is but a transfer of allegiance from a "red" to a "white" Emperor which these have made. It will be but the converse transfer which those will make when Tai Ping's conquest shall have rolled onward to the gates of the Viceregal Palace; and what Chinaman ever refused to render that token of his acknowledgment to the "Divinely Appointed," whose commission from Heaven is attested by the people's desire and sealed by oaths?

It is but too plain that the policy of Sir J. BOWRING has succeeded in uniting against us both the belligerent parties in China. They hate each other heartily enough, but they detest the foreigner more. As regards our future prospects, it may be well to remember that YEH is reputed to have put to death 70,000 persons without making any serious impression on the rebellion. We do not know how many pig-tails the *Times* will demand at the hands of General ASHBURNHAM, but it is clear that the Chinese are an obstinate people, who take a good deal of killing. The question to be solved may, perhaps, be stated in a rule-of-three form:—As 70,000 persons killed are to an unsuppressed rebellion, so is the number to be killed by the English to the subjugation of the rebels *plus* the Government of China. We must leave persons more skilled than ourselves in butchers' bills to work out the calculation, the result of which must be eminently satisfactory to Bishop SMITH and his friends at Exeter Hall.

One thing is very clear—that the folly of our agents in China has got us into an ugly scrape, out of which we shall have to extricate ourselves as best we may. What we are to do to retrieve our reputation, or what we are to fight for when we have got our troops and our gun-boats into the Canton waters, we cannot discover that any one exactly knows. The only information we have been able to gather on the subject is from the Ministerial organ, which tells us that we are at war, not with the Chinese empire, but “with the institutions of China,” and further, that “the anger of Europe is excited by the bigotry and seclusion which form the traditional policy of the country.” In what chapter of the law of the nations it is laid down that bigotry and seclusion constitute a *casus belli*, we have yet to learn. Such language as this is only one specimen among many of the filibustering morality which, through the medium of the press, is becoming too popular in this country. Pious persons talk calmly of bombarding a city on the ground of the “bigotry and seclusion” of its inhabitants, when they would be shocked at the notion of burning a man's house down because he did not choose to ask them to dinner, or putting a knife into his ribs because he went to hear Mr. SPURGEON. We hope that our Government have some clearer and more defensible notions of the policy to which they are about to commit the nation than we can discover in the shallow rignarole of the Ministerial organ. There is one sentence, however, in the article to which we allude, in which we cordially concur. After saying, with magnificent ambiguity, that “we go to teach a moral lesson”—a sort of lesson which, we may observe, may be equally taught by the hangman and the hanged—the *Times* adds, “If the Chinese discover that it will be to their advantage to remain quiet and continue their intercourse with Europeans, they will add to their reputation as a sensible and prudent people.” We are not quite sure that the Chinese are the only nation under the sun to whom this advice might be advantageously addressed.

#### CIRCUMLOCUTION.

MR. DICKENS has just concluded his long libel on his own genius and on the institutions of his country, with an intimation that he never had so many readers before. The world is surely growing a very dreary one. Fifteen or twenty years ago, it revelled in the rich and abundant humour of *Pickwick* and *Nickleby*; and now it is accused, by the person who should know best, of drinking far deeper, far longer, and far greedier draughts from *Bleak House* and *Little Dorrit*, which have the effervescence of a seidlitz powder. The growth of the Puritanic spirit has perhaps much to do with this deterioration. Mr. DICKENS has clearly copied from Dissenting Ministers and heads of families of the lecturing sort, their habit of “improving” every successive event which stirs the interest of their little circle. He has improved the woes of the Crimean war. He has improved the suicide of Mr. JOHN SADLEIR. He has improved the failure of the British Bank. He has even—wonderful to relate!—improved in his last number the fall of the houses in Tottenham-court-road. The incidents in his late works are like so many milestones dotted along the high-road of penny-a-lining. Memory, as we read back, sheds the dulness of other days around us, and we recal the events which, from month to month, filled the newspapers, and the reflections which were exchanged on the subject, in omnibuses and second-class carriages, between SMITH, BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON.

The system of perpetually “improving” current events, if it aid a sterile or a worn-out invention, has the defect of involving those who practise it in rather formidable inconsistencies. The clergyman who, in one sermon, draws the moral of the little boy who played on Sunday and was run over by a carriage, has often, a few weeks afterwards, to improve the case of another little boy who also played on Sunday, and was, providentially, not run over by a carriage which passed within a few inches of his head. But it was a more than ordinarily curious infelicity which induced Mr. DICKENS to take the text of successive homilies from the Government Offices and the Royal British Bank. It is really marvellous that a man should not perceive the moral of the Circumlocution Office and the moral of Mr. MERDLE to be exactly opposed to each other. A Government department has only to be stripped of the characteristics so spasmodically declaimed against in *Little Dorrit*, and it comes out the Royal British Bank, feature for feature. Let routine give way to an easy despatch. For endless checks and formalities substitute the little green ledger in the manager's room. Let members of the intelligent middle class, domiciled in pleasant villas in St. John's-wood, take the place of stupid Stiltstalkings inhabiting strong-smelling by-ways about Grosvenor-square. For a supercilious TITZ BARNACLE, give us a smiling and prayerful CAMERON—for an importunate and baffled DANIEL DOYCE, an equally importunate and much more successful HUMPHREY BROWN—for a projector with a new rifle, a speculator with a Welsh mine. These changes once made, the Royal British Bank stands before us as grossly palpable as if it had been produced by the mechanical transformations of a pantomime. In truth, it is only the accident of time which has made *Little Dorrit* read like an exposure of Redtape and Routine. If the break-down of the Royal British Bank had happened to precede the Crimean war, Mr. DICKENS would have provided the amplest room on his canvas for Messrs. ESDAILE, BROWN, CRAWFURD, and CAMERON. The caricaturist would then have enlarged on the scandalousness of irregularity in book-keeping, on the infamy of haste in business, and on the wickedness and weakness of listening to new-fangled schemes of profit. The Crimean misfortunes, if they had followed, would have been sketched in timidly and obscurely, partly because people were talking about them, and partly as a means of helping a halting story over the stile.

It was probably a confused consciousness that Mr. MERDLE jarred a little against the Circumlocution Office, which induced Mr. DICKENS, in his later numbers, to suggest the Russian Government as the first of proficient in the art of “how to do it.” We are disgusted, though we can hardly say we are surprised, to find Mr. DICKENS adopting that affectation of enthusiasm for foreign political systems which is becoming familiar to the crotchety, the silly, and the shallow among us—to all who are too careless to make a profound study of their country's character, and too lazy to think out the proper remedies for morbid intervals in her condition. Yet surely the selection of *Russia* as our model must have been made in the very delirium of that sentiment which has no name because mankind are ashamed to give it one, but which we must designate as the opposite of patriotism. It is now the fashion to discover extravagance in the impression which prevailed before the war, that the Russian administration was simply a system of unlimited peculation, tempered by Siberia; but at any rate, it was vastly nearer the truth than half the opinions expressed in *Little Dorrit*. No St. Petersburg MERDLE has risen to confound the assailants of the Russian Circumlocution Office. Such facts as experience has contributed rather bear out the criticism than otherwise. A man, who was at once the despot and the demigod of this “great half-barbaric empire,” poured torrents of blood and mountains of treasure into the furnace by which its admired administrative machinery is moved; and all we know is, that he failed utterly and disgracefully in an effort which he had been preparing for during a quarter of a century. Is it necessary to point out that the charm which exists for some of us in the despotic systems of the Continent is neither their simplicity nor their efficiency, but simply the reflection of our own ignorance? When an Englishman comes into actual contact with part of them, his eyes are wonderfully opened. We would just ask our readers—and the beginning of June is an excellent time for putting the question—what they think of the only department of foreign administration with which they are thoroughly acquainted? What is their opinion of the Passport system—one of the most permanent



and characteristic products of the art of "how to do it?" Here is a vast and complex organization, requiring a labyrinth of offices for its maintenance, and preserved at fabulous cost, which fails utterly and entirely of its object. It is useless; for anybody can get a passport for half-a-guinea, and anybody can use anybody else's without detection. It is annoying; for a host of persons who are not even suspected of any design, except that of enriching the countries to which they come, are exposed by it to the insolence of officials by whose side a Barnacle is a mirror of chivalrous courtesy. It is corrupt; for it exists solely for the sake of the places which it creates, and may be evaded by anybody who is on speaking terms with an Ambassador. It is, in short, so troublesome, so expensive, so thoroughly useless, and so entirely stupid that, on being asked to adopt the system of which it is an essential appendage, we feel as if we were called upon to descend from Christianity to heathenism—from civilization to barbarism—from wealth to poverty—from health to disease—or from the *Pickwick Papers* to *Little Dorrit*.

#### CAVOUR ON PEEL.

COUNT CAVOUR is a statesman favourably known in this country as the leader of the constitutional party in Piedmont. Although not, perhaps, endowed with abilities of the highest order, he has exhibited much firmness and skill in the conduct of that important Parliamentary experiment on the success of which it is scarcely too much to say that the political future of Europe in a great degree depends. The opinions of a man occupying such a position will always be received in England with respect, if not with acquiescence; and it is, no doubt, from reliance on the authority of his name that we have seen paraded, in the morning journals of the past week, a fragment of a speech in the Sardinian Chambers, which, we are told, "contains some just observations on the policy of the late Sir ROBERT PEEL." We think it probable that Count CAVOUR may have some right to complain of the manner in which this "patch," which can hardly be called a "purple" one, has been separated from the context of his oration. In order to understand the real bearing of his remarks on Sir R. PEEL's policy, it would be desirable to know something more of the speeches of MM. SCLOPIS and GALLINA—who are, we presume, the Catholic SPOONER and NEWDEGATE of the Alps—to which the Sardinian Minister was replying. We are anxious to suggest this excuse for what would otherwise appear a gratuitous display of ignorance and presumption in a statesman whose conduct we have no disposition to criticise with severity.

When there appeared, some six weeks ago, in the *Times*, under the disguise of a literary review, a malignant and disingenuous attack on the life and character of the late Sir R. PEEL, we thought it superfluous to notice an exhibition of spitefulness the object of which was transparent, and the effect of which we knew would be null. Sir R. PEEL's reputation in this country stands on too firm a pedestal to be shaken by slander. After all, it was not at the deceased statesman that the arrows of the reviewer were aimed—there are others, who are supposed to lurk under his gaberdine, for whom the poisoned darts had really been prepared. Sir R. PEEL's was too old a story really to interest a journal whose past is bounded by the last revolution of the hour hand, and whose future extends no further than its second edition. As any stick is good enough to beat a dog with, the *Memoir* of Sir R. PEEL was seized as a handle wherewith to castigate his disciples and friends. That the *Times*, which had been the sycophant of the great Minister's power, should have become the traducer of his memory, is no more extraordinary than that the most bitter of the persecutors of Lord PALMERSTON should have become the *âme damnée* of his Government. In England we are used to these things, and understand them. We are enabled to appreciate the motives and estimate the worth of these historico-philosophical disquisitions. Abroad, however, it is different. Foreigners only see the *marionettes* which the journalist exhibits to their view, and not the strings by which they are pulled, and their sympathies are in turn equally excited in favour of Punch and of the constable. Count CAVOUR, who evidently reads his *Times* diligently, has fallen into the blunder of adopting the sentiments of a party squib, mistaking it for an historical review.

The Sardinian critic is of opinion that the English Minister would have been a much greater man if he had originated, instead of adopting, the doctrines of Free Trade.

In one sense, this is a truism; but in the manner in which it is applied, it is merely a shallow fallacy. It argues a very slight acquaintance with the principles and exigencies of constitutional Government to suppose that a great revolution affecting powerful interests can be achieved by any Minister, however wise, or by any Cabinet, however strong, except under the influence and support of a strong public opinion. When Count CAVOUR talks so glibly of "initiating the Repeal of the Corn Laws in 1840, a good harvest year," he leaves out of the calculation the material fact that it was simply impossible to do anything of the kind. At that time, the opponents of Sir ROBERT PEEL were just as far from being Free-traders as himself. They were for a fixed duty as against a sliding scale, and the finest flowers of Protectionist rhetoric may be culled from the speeches of Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Lord MELBOURNE. Nay, in the eleventh hour, when Sir ROBERT PEEL proposed the total repeal of the Corn Laws, an amendment was brought forward by Lord PALMERSTON with the view of retaining an eight-shilling fixed duty. Those who know anything of the state of English politics in 1840 must be aware that an attempt to repeal the Corn Laws at that time would have proved as impracticable as Mr. PITT found the idea of emancipating the Catholics in 1801. The only members of the Whig party who ventured to profess themselves Free-traders were Mr. VILLIERS and Lord GREY, who were regarded by their own party, as well as by the country, as visionary and impracticable theorists. And during the whole of Sir ROBERT PEEL's Protectionist career, the Anti-Corn-Law League was assailed with that ignorant insolence which the *Times* always lavishes on a cause which has not yet succeeded.

But then it will be said that Sir R. PEEL ought to have discovered sooner that the Protectionist theory was erroneous, and that, if he could not carry, he should at least not have opposed, the proposals of the Free-traders. This sounds plausible, and smacks of that wisdom which comes after the event. Truths which have once been discovered and demonstrated seem very simple and self-evident. It appears perfectly natural to us now to travel fifty miles an hour by railway, yet it is not thirty years since STEPHENSON expressed his conviction before a Committee of the House of Commons that a locomotive could not be made to go ten miles an hour. Discoveries in economical, like those in any other science, are slow and gradual. COLUMBUS took months on his voyage to America, and the Cunard liner makes the passage in ten days. Yet Mr. CUNARD is not a greater navigator than COLUMBUS, though Count CAVOUR seems to think himself a greater statesman than Sir R. PEEL. When Count CAVOUR plumes himself on having "gone ahead of England," he reminds us of an illustration of MACAULAY's. Speaking of the weakness with which small men are sometimes afflicted, of depreciating their greater predecessors, the essayist compares them to children who climb on their parent's shoulders, and then cry out with delight, "Now I am taller than papa." Every child who has been at the Polytechnic on Whit-Monday, knows secrets of philosophy which were hid from the author of the *Novum Organon*; and a Cambridge undergraduate can solve problems which baffled the analysis of NEWTON. Sir R. PEEL has broken the egg, and Count CAVOUR finds it very easy to make it stand on its end.

The truth is, Sir R. PEEL was substantially the "author" of Free Trade, in the sense of making it practicable. In the theory he had been anticipated by others, but it required a masterly and constructive mind to work it out. The Whig Government, through their traditional ignorance of finance, had reduced the public revenue into a condition in which a simple remission of taxation was impossible. Indeed, the last years of the MELBOURNE Administration exhibited a perpetual and ineffectual struggle to choke the deficit by new imposts. It was the great financial reconstruction of 1842 which developed the resources of the country, and relieved the springs of industry—which at once afforded a clue to the true system of commercial legislation, and provided the means of carrying it into effect. The results of the commercial policy of the first years of his Administration no doubt brought about the conversion of Sir R. PEEL, as well as that of public opinion. To say that the repeal of the Corn-laws was a forced measure, in the same sense as Catholic Emancipation, is incorrect. Several months before Lord JOHN RUSSELL declared himself a Free-trader, Sir ROBERT PEEL had announced to the Cabinet his indisposition to defend the

Corn-laws. The potato disease may have been the cause of the suspension of the duty, but the determination not to re-impose it was the result of the mature conviction of the Minister. The beneficial fruits of the new policy had been such as the most sanguine theorists had never ventured to predict; and no wise or prudent statesman would have hazarded so violent a social shock as the repeal of the Corn-laws actually proved, without the large and solid basis of experience which the policy of 1842 afforded. It is very well for Count CAVOUR to proceed, with light and tripping steps, along the path which the experience of Sir ROBERT PEEL has made smooth for him; but we cannot altogether admire the levity with which he speaks of the difficult task accomplished by the man who had to pick out for himself an untrodden road of which he neither knew the difficulties nor the end.

There is one part of this speech which affords some excuse for the rest in the ignorance which it displays of the state of English politics. Count CAVOUR is reputed to have said—

If Sir Robert Peel had been the originator of reforms, he would, at his death, have left to his friends a political inheritance far different from that which he bequeathed to them. If Sir Robert Peel had associated his name and his career with successive reforms, there would be no need of recording at the present time a strange fact which has taken place in England, namely, that a party consisting of eminent men, including the most eloquent speakers in Parliament and the most eminent legislators, has been completely routed at the late elections. And this, gentlemen, is the fate of parties who allow themselves to be led by public opinion, and who wait to the last moment to carry out reforms which they have not the courage to introduce.

It is impossible to repress a smile at hearing the present political situation of the friends and followers of Sir ROBERT PEEL attributed to the faults of that statesman. If his errors were to be visited on the head of his disciples, we should have thought the punishment would have fallen heaviest while the name and sins of the master were most fresh in the recollection of the country. But Count CAVOUR seems to have forgotten that, within little more than two years from the death of Sir ROBERT PEEL, his principal colleague formed one of the strongest Governments which have been seen in recent times. The very basis of that Government, in which the Whigs accepted a subordinate situation, was the extension of the policy which Sir ROBERT PEEL had initiated; and it was as his disciples and colleagues that the so-called "Peelites" had acquired their influence and authority. They certainly were the last persons who had a right to complain of the "political inheritance" which their master had bequeathed to them.

If their position has been in any degree subsequently altered, it is due to other causes than the policy of their former leader. Count CAVOUR, in his politico-historical disquisition, entirely omits the trifling episode of the Russian war. We should recommend him to consider whether that incident may not have had some little influence on the turn which the recent elections have taken. To discuss the present state of politics with reference exclusively to the career of Sir R. PEEL is about as satisfactory as it would be to refer the existing condition of public affairs in France to the wars of the Fronde, without condescending to notice the Revolution of 1789. We do not impute it as any reproach to Count CAVOUR that he is signally ignorant of English politics; but we confess we think it unworthy of his reputation to allow himself to be misled into disparaging a statesman to the close imitation of whose policy he himself owes whatever credit and respect he possesses in Europe. We would strongly advise the Prime Minister of Sardinia to abandon to the *Times* the congenial amusement of kicking at dead lions.

While we are on the subject of the opinion of foreign nations, which has been epigrammatically called a "contemporary posterity," we may quote the judgment of a French statish who is at least as competent as Count CAVOUR to express the intelligent opinion of Europe on this subject. The following passage is from an article, by M. MICHEL CHEVALIER, lately published in the *Journal des Economistes* :—

At other periods, and under other circumstances, English policy has been mistaken. It has been occasionally selfish and unjust, but even in that respect a philosopher who would place himself above the agitations of Cabinets and nations, to judge them impartially, would very probably find that all others resemble it. But, in her legislation on international commerce, perfidious Albion has deserved well of the human race. She tried on herself a bold, difficult, and at that moment a very perilous, experiment. She tried it, notwithstanding the impassioned and energetic resistance of several of her great manufacturers and of the agricultural body—the most considerable of all, which appeared not to be in a state ever to support the shock of foreign competition, for it produced expensively, and sold at an extravagant price, of which it might have been believed that it would be impossible to deprive itself. It did so, notwithstanding the opposition of a considerable portion of its miners and of some branches of the manufacturing class. It proceeded to do so with that calm, decided, and imperturbable resolution, which is, perhaps, the most admirable

quality of the British character. Her statesmen, elevating themselves to a height which has been rarely reached in any country, accomplished these Customs reforms by shaking off the prejudices of an antiquated political economy, to adopt another which counts among its authors great and noble intellects, the Adam Smiths, the Franklins, the Turgots, and which is in intimate connexion with the immortal principles which France honours under the name of the principles of 1789, but which at that period were not practised by the great States, then obstinate prohibitionists. They demanded no reciprocity from any other State, and they effected the change quickly, trusting to the intelligence and activity of individuals to triumph over difficulties—not, however, without offering to the agriculturists during the transition the efficacious aid of the State. It is an eternal honour to their country and to themselves to have abjured traditions that were called patriotic because they were narrow and mean—that were deemed prudent and conservative because they respected untenable monopolies, and perpetuated, in the interest of a few, abuses which were injurious to the mass of the nation; and if at this day the memory of Sir Robert Peel is revered in the two hemispheres—if, in conformity with the dearest wish of that great Minister, his name is quoted with blessings at the fireside of the poor, not only in Great Britain, but elsewhere—it is in acknowledgment of that great reform accomplished with so just an appreciation of the public interest, and with such noble firmness in the midst of storms—a noble example, which will not be lost on Governments in whose way private interests heap up obstacles similar to those which Sir Robert Peel removed with a hand so firm and a mind so intelligent.

We imagine that these sentiments, well weighed and deliberately expressed, far more justly embody the true verdict of European opinion than a few peevish sentences which escaped a badgered Minister in the heat of a party debate.

#### THE NEW WINDING-UP BILL.

SO far as one can judge at present, the new House of Commons seems disposed to confine itself to the very easy occupation of registering Ministerial decrees. A Cabinet to devise measures, and a Parliament to give them the force of law without opposition, and almost without discussion, is a novelty which promises to increase the quantity rather than to improve the quality of our legislation. The House of Commons has something more to do than to offer itself as a mere duct for conveying to the country the fruits of Ministerial wisdom; but if its present temper should continue, Cabinet measures will pass through Parliament like an express train through a tunnel. Mr. HAYTER's organization seems so perfect that all chance of a collision is obviated, and the Government Bills, which dash into the House with all steam on, seem to be safe to come out again unscathed and unaltered. Without being very suspicious, we think that even Lord PALMERSTON's projects may be improved by the exercise of a little wholesome vigilance. For example, there is a Bill (which belongs indeed rather to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL than to the PREMIER) for facilitating the winding-up of Joint-Stock Companies. It has already been read a second time, almost without a word of comment; and as it will undoubtedly need a vast amount of amendment, it may not be useless to call the attention of members, both new and old, to the fact that a very important subject will claim their mature consideration at the next stage of the measure.

With the exception of those who may desire a perpetual recurrence of such fat subjects of litigation as that furnished by the Royal British Bank, no one can doubt the necessity of some legislative interference in this matter. The first scandal to be got rid of is the disgraceful conflict of jurisdiction which the Legislature has occasioned between the Courts of Chancery and Bankruptcy. Another intolerable defect of the present law is, that when a bank or other company based on the principle of unlimited liability gets into difficulties, the mode of redress which the law provides for creditors is such as to work with the greatest possible cruelty to shareholders, and with the least possible benefit to the great body of depositors. The way in which the collision between the Courts grew up is very characteristic of modern legislation. First, a statute was passed for enabling the Court of Bankruptcy to wind up the affairs of insolvent companies with certain incidental aid from the Court of Chancery. The contrivance was so clumsy that it was found impossible to work it. For the purpose of dividing the actual assets of the company the machinery was well enough—as any machinery in the world would be, for it would require considerable ingenuity to introduce any difficulty into the process of seizing, selling, and dividing. But when a Bank breaks, the assets are necessarily deficient, and the object is to get the balance made up by calls upon the shareholders. In this respect, the Act broke down, and has never been worked at all. To repair the defect, the Winding-up Acts were passed, by which the whole duty of distributing assets and collecting contributions was committed to a new officer—the official manager. For eight years this process superseded entirely the bankruptcy procedure, but the Royal British Bank was too good a prize not to be fought



for, and Basinghall-street went in for a share. The result was, that the distribution of the assets was delayed many months by the struggle, and the total was diminished by 17,000*l.* for costs. Now one thing seems perfectly clear—that there is no conceivable reason why the money in hand should be divided by one Court, and the money to be got in from shareholders by another. The whole business of liquidation should be under one management, if it is to be done properly. This is so obvious that it will hardly be credited that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL proposes to leave the jurisdiction divided between Basinghall-street and Lincoln's-inn, and has actually framed complicated regulations for the proceedings, dependent on the issue of the race which is to be run in every case between the CHANCELLOR and the COMMISSIONER. Surely the House of Commons will not sanction the perpetuation of such a system as two Courts dividing the administration of one estate. The anomaly was created at first by a careless blunder in not repealing the first unsuccessful Act; but deliberately to continue it would be a piece of perversity which we do not expect even from the present acquiescent House of Commons.

The other object of the Bill is very important. It provides that, after representatives shall have been elected to guard the creditors' interests, no executions shall issue against any individual shareholder, except by leave of the Court—that is to say, as the Bill now stands, by leave of the Lord Chancellor, if he has interposed before the Commissioner of Bankruptcy, and by leave of the Commissioner, if he has been the winner of the legal Derby. However, when this absurd alternative shall have been struck out, the sanction of the one Court which has the conduct of the business will be necessary to any legal proceedings, and the shareholders will be saved from the destruction which would otherwise hang over them. This is reasonable and humane; but it is clear that if the creditors' power of pressing the shareholders is taken away, some other means must be provided to make each member contribute his fair quatum to the general fund for payment of debts. The Bill is very defective in this respect. The scheme is shortly this. If a creditor applies for leave to issue execution against a shareholder, the Court (*i.e.*, the ambiguous Court, as before) may require, as the condition of refusing the leave, that the shareholder shall give security for the payment of such sum as may be reasonable to the official manager. The way this would work is obvious. No creditor would ever make the application for leave to proceed, because it would be sure to end in bringing money, not to himself, but to the official manager; and it would not be worth while to incur the trouble and cost of litigation with no more immediate benefit than the prospect of getting, in the shape of future dividends, perhaps a ten-thousandth part of the sum recovered. Shareholders, being thus relieved from pressure, might quietly abscond with their property, and never need pay a single call. What they would do in point of fact would be something a little different. The Act makes certain representatives of creditors or assignees (according to the Court which enjoys priority) agents for binding the creditors to a compromise. The shareholders, being practically free from any hostile proceedings, would be able to make any terms they chose. They would have completely the whip hand of the creditors; and though they might be well able to pay fifty shillings in the pound, the creditors would be foolish to refuse a compromise of five shillings. What they failed to get by compromise they would not get at all—for the Bill does away with all compulsion. We have already pointed out why individual creditors would never sue. There is no one else to whom the Bill gives or leaves the power of proceeding, except the official manager, and he is the nominee of the contributors themselves. It is true, under existing winding-up proceedings, the official manager does enforce calls, because it is the interest of the shareholders as a body that he should do so. The payment of the debts by this process is the only way in which the members can get relieved from the cruel proceedings to which they are personally liable. This is the impulse which indirectly drives the official manager to proceed against his friends. But the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S Bill would take away the motive, and of course the official manager would go to sleep until the creditors were tired of waiting, and ready to consent to any compromise, however inadequate.

The true remedy for all this is, not to preserve the harsh power now possessed by creditors, but to give to the representatives of creditors the authority to make calls and initiate

proceedings against shareholders, which is now enjoyed by the official manager. Further, if this power is to be of any use it must extend to compelling every contributory to give security, at the outset of the proceedings, that he and his property will be forthcoming to answer calls. Without these conditions, the new Act will be as unjust to creditors as the present law is barbarous to shareholders. A clause should also be added absolutely requiring the consent of a definite proportion of creditors to any compromise. If directors can betray their trust, it is possible that the new class of representatives may sometimes prove careless or corrupt; and they ought to be subject to some better control than the mere opinion of the Court, which cannot possibly know enough about the means of the great body of debtors to judge whether a compromise is fair or not. It is to be remembered, too, that the Act is to be retrospective, and is expressly framed to force a compromise in the cases of the Tipperary and Royal British Banks. There is therefore the more reason why Parliament should be careful that, in taking away existing rights, it does not leave the creditors entirely without the means of securing reasonable terms.

#### DIFFICULTIES IN BELGIUM.

WHETHER the recent Brussels riots are destined to prove the first mutterings of a storm which may shake what has, on the whole, proved a successful constitutional system, it would be unwise to speculate. With some points of superficial similarity, there is at bottom all the difference in the world between the state of Belgium in 1857 and that of France in 1848. In either case, it is true, the successful and able representative of the popular feeling which seated him on a throne is ripening into senescence; but LEOPOLD'S grasp of authority is not weakened by the cupidity and imbecility which betrayed that the Citizen-King was only a selfish adventurer. If, in Belgium, the constitutional system is doomed to break down, it will be by no fault of its royal representative. The present suspension of the legislative session is no more an instance of reaction instigated or petted by the Court, than the dissolution of an English Parliament, or the overthrow of an English Cabinet. King LEOPOLD has loyally and honourably worked the engine which he undertook to drive. Whether that engine is worn out, or was originally constructed on false principles, is another and more serious question.

Politicians may reasonably doubt the ultimate issue of the Belgian experiment. The new kingdom constituted in 1830 was obviously an experiment, rather than a normal growth and natural development. It was a Prussia on a small scale; and while the drama inevitably suffered under the disadvantage of a confined stage, it was also clogged by more special complications. The order of things then established was a representative system, with a Roman Catholic State Church—institutions which, somehow or other, have not been found to work well together. Town and country, the manufacturing industry of Liège, and the stolid fanaticism of the Luxemburg peasants, the Gallicizing tendencies of a large party, and the opposite leanings of the friends of the House of Orange among the landed proprietors, constituted sufficient elements of discord, which were the more dangerous because so closely packed together. A large area and a sparse population are great securities against political disturbance; but a cargo heats and fires when it is stowed in a very narrow hold. The limited dimensions of the Belgian territory are favourable to political fermentation.

Of late, however, the religious elements of discord have been most prominent and mischievous. Why the Belgian religion should be so very pronounced, is a curious question. Probably it was intensified by political stimulants, and the bigotry of the population was fostered by the party which was unfavourable to the Dutch régime. At all events, it was natural, so long as the old kingdom of the Netherlands lasted, that the enemies of Protestant Holland should make capital out of the religious sympathies of the Catholic South. But the Catholicism which unquestionably created Belgium into a kingdom has been succeeded by the Ultramontanism which appears likely to disintegrate it. Unfortunately, it seems but too clear, from a survey of the whole state of Europe, that the Ultramontane is the only mould into which Romanism is capable of casting itself. Its controversialists assure us that Ultramontane politics are the legitimate and inevitable complement of Romanist

doctrine; and it is a melancholy conclusion to which the friends of religious liberty are driven, that the largest and oldest form of Christianity is, in fact, coming to be hostile to political freedom. In Belgium, perhaps, all that was at first contended for was educational freedom; but educational freedom soon began to mean proscription of all Protestant teaching, and the recent disputes on charitable benefactions are but the old form of an old question. At first sight, it seems that unnecessary bitterness has been infused into the dispute, and that the refusal to permit ecclesiastical corporations to hold property, to receive legacies, or even to administer trust funds, is inconsistent with the principles of religious liberty. And of course, in one sense, it is so. There is an inconsistency in the notion of free institutions playing the game of HENRY VIII. or POMBAL. But it must not be forgotten that Ultramontanism—not only in Belgium, but, to some extent, even in the United States—appropriates the principle of religious freedom only for the purposes of persecution; and while, theoretically, it is impossible to deny even to persecutors the liberty of holding the doctrine of persecution, it will be a serious matter if it be found in practice that some forms of religion are inconsistent with civil liberties.

It may be doubted, however, whether the influence of the religious element in the late Belgian disturbances has not been exaggerated—or rather whether there are not stronger hands or darker purposes at work. There is a suspicion that even the *parti prêtre* is but a tool wielded with less scrupulousness than skill. This is not the first time in history that the Church has been lured by its enemies into making extravagant demands. There are neighbours who are always ready to take advantage of the break-up of an establishment or an estate, if they have an eye to the furniture or the fields; and an opportunity of selling up Belgium would certainly not be an unpleasant accident in Paris. All that is needed for such an extension of the French position is the summary victory of either party in Belgian politics; and were it the policy of any neighbouring Power to annex that country, there would be no need of falling back upon the doctrine of political necessity. Nor is there any occasion to suppose that French politicians sympathize exclusively with either party. It is quite immaterial to French interests whether the Catholic or the Protestant element prevails; and it may suit their purpose, not, perhaps to foment internal disputes in Brussels, but at least so far to encourage the combatants as to get them up to fighting point. The fox chuckles when he sees two dogs wrangling for the meat which he has an eye upon; and it is undeniable that the only country which can profit by a break-up in Belgium is precisely that which has affinities with either disputant. Both Belgian factions have been accused in turn of Gallicizing, and not without reason. In the days of LOUIS PHILIPPE, no less than in those of his successor, it suited Belgians who were not patriots to receive inspiration from the Tuileries. Only now it happens that the Jesuits have those sympathies with France against which it has heretofore been their lot to contend. We trust, however, that the energy of King LEOPOLD, and the popularity of the Duke of BRABANT, may allay a storm which too many parties are interested in seeking to precipitate. Much depends on the conduct of the Opposition at the present moment. Well as they deserve of their country, they must contrive to get up a better cry than that urged against the Jesuits in the dreadful affair of the lace-making school; and it will be well for Belgian patriots to remember that, if they mix themselves up with the extravagances of the French refugees, the interference attempted at the Paris Conferences with their national liberties may be repeated, with serious results, in the midst of domestic difficulties.

#### MRS. GASKELL'S RECANTATION.

TWO letters appeared in the *Times* last Saturday, to which, though they were inserted as an advertisement, and though they referred to a merely personal subject, we think it necessary, for several reasons, to call the attention of our readers. Every one will remember that Mrs. Gaskell's most interesting *Life of the late Mrs. Nicholls* contained a minutely circumstantial account of the sad termination of the career of her brother, Branwell Brontë. This person, it was said, became tutor in a gentleman's family, and was there seduced by his employer's wife, a woman "much older than himself." The intercourse between them was, it was added, carried on so shamelessly that the guilty mother used to be forced by her daughters to grant them indul-

gences by the threat of telling her husband and their father "how she went on with Mr. Brontë." She proposed, the story continues, to elope with her lover—she held out to him the warmest assurances of affection—and when her husband's death gave her the power of mitigating her infamy by marrying the partner of her guilt, she broke his heart and drove him to habits which ultimately destroyed, not only his health, but his life, by refusing ever to see him again, on the ground that her husband's will contained a clause which forbade her to see him on pain of losing the fortune which he left her. Branwell Brontë never filled the situation of tutor in more than one family; and this fact, coupled with various allusions in other parts of the book to the "showy widow" and "her pious father," designated the person attacked, to all whose opinion she would care for, as clearly as if her name had been printed in full. The book was published some time in March, and two editions of it were sold off with extreme rapidity. On the 30th of May, the following letters appeared in the *Times* :—

#### LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

To the Editor of the *Times*.

Sir,—We shall feel obliged by your inserting the following correspondence. We are, Sir, your obedient servants,  
York, May 27. NEWTON AND ROBINSON.

8, Bedford-row, London, May 26, 1837.

Dear Sirs,—As solicitor for and on behalf of the Rev. W. Gaskell, and of Mrs. Gaskell, his wife, the latter of whom is authoress of the *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, I am instructed to retract every statement contained in that work which imputes to a widowed lady, referred to, but not named therein, any breach of her conjugal, of her maternal, or of her social duties, and more especially the statements contained in chapter 13 of the first volume, and in chapter 2 of the second volume, which impute to the lady in question a guilty intercourse with the late Branwell Brontë. All those statements were made upon information which at the time Mrs. Gaskell believed to be well founded, but which upon investigation, with the additional evidence furnished to me by you, I have ascertained not to be trustworthy. I am therefore authorized not only to retract the statements in question, but to express the deep regret of Mrs. Gaskell that she should have been led to make them.

I am, dear Sirs, yours truly,  
Messrs. Newton and Robinson, solicitors, York. WILLIAM SHAEN.

York, May 27, 1837.

Dear Sir,—As solicitors of the lady to whom your letter of the 26th inst. refers, we, on her behalf, accept the apology therein contained, and we have to add that neither that lady nor ourselves ever entertained a doubt that the statements of Mrs. Gaskell were, as you say, made upon information which at the time Mrs. Gaskell believed to be well founded.

We are, dear Sir, yours truly,  
W. Shaen, Esq., Bedford-row, London. NEWTON AND ROBINSON.

We doubt whether it would be possible to mention another instance in which so shocking and monstrous an accusation was made so lightly. That Mrs. Gaskell believed what she stated to be true, no one can doubt. She is very generally regarded as a great and influential moral teacher, and she is a woman of real genius, and of the most humane and benevolent views. Her books are full of all that is good and beautiful; yet she is drawn into making an accusation of which, as a woman and a mother, she must appreciate all the fearful bitterness far more deeply than any man can do, but which, by her own admission, is utterly and totally false. It is, on many accounts, well worth while to consider the steps by which this came about; for the fact is a most glaring illustration both of the utter untrustworthiness of so much of the teaching of novels as depends upon questions of fact, and of the bad moral influence which the habit of novel-writing exercises over the highest minds. It is obvious that, for the purposes of his story, a novelist values facts, not because they are true, but because they are striking, or because they embody his own general views of life and of human nature; and we all know how readily we believe a thing to be true which falls in with our own theories. It is also the common disposition of novelists, and especially of Mrs. Gaskell, to take the part of those upon whom social arrangements press harshly. They celebrate the virtues and advocate the cause of the publican and sinner, and the villains of their pieces are for the most part Scribes or Pharisees. To show the virtues of the poor, the hardships involved in some of our social arrangements, and the undue importance which we are apt to attach to external acts and conventional observances, is the object of all the most popular novelists of the day. We do not at all mean to sneer at or depreciate such teaching. We believe that it often gives useful lessons to persons much in want of them; but we are deeply persuaded that no general view of life can be safely inculcated by novels, because all such views rest on and tend to reproduce false, partial, and distorted notions of fact. Nothing could set this in a clearer light than the case before us. Here was a "rich widow," still "showy," though advanced in life, "living in Mayfair," the daughter of a pious father—in fact, a born and bred Pharisee. And here, on the other hand, was an obscure clever man, the son of a poor country clergyman, the brother of three women of genius, full of violent, ill-regulated ambition and passion, living a melancholy life, and dying a tragical death—the most bitter and grievous trial of a family otherwise tried most bitterly and grievously. In short, here was just such a publican and sinner as, in one of Mrs. Gaskell's novels, might be wept over and reclaimed, or dismissed with sympathy and not without hope. He lays his ruin to the charge of the woman of whom, to his last breath, he declares his



love. His family passionately believe him. He has the means, as they suppose, of proving his case, and he dies wearing on his heart the supposed memorials of his guilty love.

Could Mrs. Gaskell avoid belief in such a touching tale as this? Is it not just the sort of case which calls for the vengeance with which genius, with a solemnity not altogether unmixed with complacency, delights to rebuke the sins of wealth and social standing. The story is worked up to a climax of horror. We are made to watch, step by step, the degradation of great talents not duly balanced by principle. The poor young man becomes moody, selfish, intemperate—at last, the cold cruel object of his guilty passion casts him off. He is struck by her letter into a state of semi-idiocy, which by degrees gives way to sullen despair, occasionally breaking out into furious insanity. Opium closes by degrees his sufferings and his life. His paragon prospers; and Mrs. Gaskell sometimes sees her name in the list of attendants at fashionable parties and of contributors to popular charities. With but little modification, it is a matter of fact version of Becky Sharpe and Joseph Sedley. Such is the story decked out by all the graces of a most vigorous style, and all the force of an enthusiasm which is almost equally generous, dangerous, and unjust. Mr. Shaen's letter forms a salutary though prosaic commentary upon it. He is instructed, he writes, "to retract every statement contained in the work which imputes to" the lady in question "any breach of her conjugal, of her maternal, or of her social duties; and more especially the statements in Chapter xiii. of the first volume, and in Chapter ii. of the second volume, which impute to" her "a guilty intercourse with the late Branwell Brontë."

That Mrs. Gaskell was misled by the harmony between the supposed state of facts and her general views of life, is sufficiently evident from the consideration that, weighing her not in romantic but in ordinary scales, it presents several points on which she might have easily been saved from error if she had exercised the commonest caution. For example, the assertion that the will of the lady's husband contained certain clauses is obviously a cardinal point in the whole case; for, if it did not contain them, her alleged conduct, in giving unpardonable offence to a man who had her character in his power, is totally inexplicable. Now, any one may see any will for a shilling. Why was not the will in question examined? Then, again, the threats used by the daughters to their mother could only have been brought to the knowledge of the Brontë family by Branwell himself; and a man who could not only have the baseness to care for a woman guilty of such shameless indecency, but who could commit the unutterable foulness of boasting to his own sisters of having shared and caused it, would, by any person who judged by the common rules of life, be considered quite unworthy of credit even if he had not drunk himself to death with laudanum.

Branwell Brontë and his supposed mistress are not, if the sex of the parties be reversed, quite unlike the two principal characters in Mrs. Gaskell's own novel of *Ruth*. If Mr. Donne had attempted to destroy Ruth's character by boasting to his friends of her seduction, he would have acted much as, according to Mrs. Gaskell's own statement, Brontë acted towards the woman whom he professed to love; and if the hero of her novel had been introduced as adding to his account of his crime circumstances imputing the lowest degradation to his victim, he would have deserved about as much credit as to details, and as much commiseration for his own sufferings, as Branwell Brontë would have done had the main feature of his story been as true as it was false. The whole case conveys the strongest possible admonition to novelists to remember that the investigation of facts and the balancing of evidence are special gifts, which do not come by nature to every person who has either a warm heart or a strong imagination.

There is, however, another side to the question which must not be left entirely out of sight. Even if Mrs. Gaskell's statements had been strictly and literally true, we think that she would have been as little morally as legally justified in publishing them. What mortal man or woman has a right to expose secret sins, committed many years ago, merely for the sake of inflicting vengeance on the sinner? How could Mrs. Gaskell know that the lady whom she so vehemently attacked had not repented of her misdeeds? The excuse given in the book for the exposure is that "perhaps it might touch her heart." So it might possibly "touch her heart" to be impoverished; but would that be a valid excuse for having forged her name, and why is libel to be made an instrument of reclaiming sinners more than forgery? The whole moral of the novel of *Ruth* is that a *locus penitentiae* should be left to women who have lost their chastity. Is the privilege to be confined to the young, the beautiful, the poor, and the suffering—in one word, to the interesting? Is it the object of writers of fiction to enable the publicans and sinners to be uncharitable to the Scribes and Pharisees? Do they feel that all mankind are brothers and sisters, except the rich and the middle-aged? No public benefit could possibly accrue to any one from giving Branwell Brontë's version of his wretched career; and the kindest thing, both for himself and for others, was to let it be forgotten as soon as possible. We are also compelled to say—though we say it with reluctance, and with the hope that the matter may be susceptible of explanation—that the tone of the apology tendered in Mrs. Gaskell's behalf is far from showing an adequate sense of the dreadful character of the injury which she inflicted, or of the moral culpability of

making such imputations with such extraordinary levity. A formal apology, conveyed through an attorney, is not the mode in which a lady of Mrs. Gaskell's high character ought to retract an accusation which, if true, would have consigned its object to well-merited and lifelong infamy.

We have only one other remark to add, in illustration of the irreparable character of the injuries which such statements as Mrs. Gaskell's inflict. It is, that retraction is a very imperfect atonement for them. To have been for a considerable time the subject of a calumny not publicly discredited is in itself no small hardship; but it involves the further hardship that, where the name of the person attacked is known to many hundred people, the original libel breeds an infinite quantity of idle, false, and malicious scandal; and when the tardy retraction comes at last, in the form of a lawyer's letter, numbers of persons are sure to be found who will not allow themselves to be balked of the satisfaction of repeating the slander and explaining away the retraction. It is surely a moral and social duty to consider that, upon the facts now before the public, the character of the person principally concerned stands as clear as if it never had been made the subject of most improper discussion and of confessedly false accusation.

#### THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY.

WE fear that we do many of our readers no great injustice by supposing that they are ignorant of the objects, or even of the existence, of the Arundel Society. This body, which takes its name from the Earl of Arundel, whose character Clarendon has described with so much malignity, but who was truly called by Evelyn "the magnificent Earl of Arundel," was established in 1849 to preserve "the record and diffuse the knowledge of the most important monuments of painting and sculpture, by engravings and other mechanical means of reproduction, and in some instances by literary publications." In pursuance of this purpose, the Society has published and distributed gratis amongst its members a number of engravings, lithographs, and woodcuts, accompanied in several cases by explanatory letterpress. A full account of the works which have hitherto appeared, and of other matters on which we do not purpose to touch, will be found in the Report for 1857, which may be obtained from the Secretary at 24, Old Bond-street. On Friday, the 29th of May, a very interesting meeting took place at the Society's rooms. The Marquis of Lansdowne was to have presided, but in his unavoidable absence, arising from illness, the chair was taken by Lord Elcho, who, after making a few remarks, introduced Mr. Layard, who was to be the principal speaker. The rooms were hung with tracings by Mr. Layard, and ornamented by very highly-finished pictures by Mrs. Higford Burr.

After the session of 1855 it seems that Mr. Layard went to Italy, carrying with him the last edition of *Vasari*. As he travelled through the central districts of the Peninsula, he was surprised and grieved to find that, of the works minutely and lovingly described by the historian of the painters, hardly one in ten remained. Those which did remain were, in too many instances, perishing from neglect. Nay, sometimes he saw frescoes of surpassing beauty destroyed before his eyes. Our English eighteenth-century churchwarden seems really quite a friend of art if we compare him with the ignorant priests of Tuscany or the Papal States. When Mr. Layard saw the wholesale destruction that was going on, he thought struck him—"Can I not do here as I did at Nineveh? Can I not save for mankind some of these monuments of bygone days before it be too late?" So he set to work making tracings, and attempting, wherever he could, to interest the authorities in the preservation of the treasures which they possessed. The chief object of his speech to the Arundel Society was to point out the places to which he thought it ought to turn its attention, in order, if possible, to obtain faithful representations of beautiful and little-known works before they had ceased to exist. The plan he suggested was to have two sets of drawings executed—the first to consist of representations of works as a whole, to be reproduced by chromo-lithography, and the second, of carefully executed tracings of individual figures. Some of the most important works to which he called attention were the paintings which he, contrary to the opinion of Kugler and others, takes for granted to be the work of Taddeo Gaddi and Simone Memmi, in the so-called Spanish chapel at Santa Maria Novella. From Florence he took his audience to Sienna, and described the works of Giotto's contemporary, Lorenzetti, in the Public Hall of that city. Two great frescoes by this master represent Good and Bad Government, with their respective results. There is a curious story that Lorenzetti's manner was much influenced by the discovery, in his time, of an old Greek statue under a house at Sienna. The beautiful figure of Peace in his picture of "Good Government," is very antique in character. "Pre-eminent in beauty," says Kugler, "is the goddess of Peace, gentle in mien, with noble features, the olive-branch in her hair." The Siennese, having been worsted in many encounters with the Florentines, attributed their misfortunes to the too great reverence paid to the Pagan statue. They accordingly broke it to pieces, and buried it in the territories of their enemy. Of course, if chronicles are to be believed, this measure was attended with the happiest results. It is curious to observe that a precisely similar superstition prevails at this day

in Greece. The peasantry who, always dreaming of the Christian empire of Byzantium, call themselves not Hellenes, but Romans, destroy, as a heathen abomination, almost every work of ancient art which they dig up.

Returning to Florence, Mr. Layard deplored the state of the frescoes by Orcagna, in Santa Maria Novella. Passing thence to Arezzo, he lamented the almost total destruction of the works of the founder of the school of that city, and called attention to the pictures of the better-known Spinello Aretino, in the church of S. Francesco. Leaving behind him the masters of the thirteenth century, he next turned to those of the succeeding age, and spoke at some length of Benozzo Gozzoli, whose works have a threefold interest from their intrinsic beauty, from the influence which he exerted upon painting, and from the fact that he has, by introducing them into his pictures, preserved the portraits of many of the most celebrated of his contemporaries. Mr. Layard directed the attention of the Society more especially to his frescoes illustrating the life of St. Augustine, which adorn the small and little-visited town of San Gimignano between Siena and Florence. He also pleaded hard for the works of Pietro della Francesca, at Borgo San Sepolcro, which lie amongst the hills between the head-waters of the Arno and the Tiber. The fresco of the "Resurrection," which, according to Vasari, was the finest performance of this master, is now buried amongst the rubbish of a Monte di Pietà. Mr. Layard had great difficulty in seeing it, for the Monte di Pietà is blessed with five directors, who are all jealous of each other, and consequently have separate keys. The place cannot be opened unless all the five are present. Before the Hungarian war, two high officials had to come from opposite ends of the country to open the receptacle in which the crown of St. Stephen was preserved. This may have been a wise precaution to take for the security of the palladium of a kingdom; but really, for the pots and pans of Borgo San Sepolcro, it is somewhat excessive. The fresco, be it observed, was not the object of all this care. Indeed, Mr. Layard rarely found any difficulty in copying works of art, or doing what he pleased with them. The priests thought that only a harmless lunatic could occupy himself with the "roba di Giotto."

Many painters of the Umbrian school have also attracted Mr. Layard's attention, and were by him brought before the notice of the Society. Such were Ottaviano Nelli and Guido Parmarucci. Such, above all, was Giovanni Sanzio, the father of Raphael, who exercised far greater influence over the style of his great son than is generally supposed. Their works must be sought at such places as Gubbio and Urbino, and the timely intervention of the Arundel Society may preserve the memory of many of them. Even the works of an artist so famous as Pietro Perugino are by no means so well known as they should be, and many of them are going to decay. Mr. Layard has, with great liberality, added to the publications of the Society for 1856 a chromo-lithograph of Perugino's fresco of the martyrdom of St. Sebastian at Panicale, and five engraved outlines from portions of figures in the same fresco. Full details as to this transaction will be found in the annual report already alluded to. Signor Marianecchi, a local artist, has executed the copy of the Panicale fresco. In alluding to this gentleman, Mr. Layard remarked that he generally found that the spirit of the different schools was best caught by artists who had been born and bred amongst their masterpieces.

In the ancient town of Spello, near Foligno, there are not only some Peruginos, but several large frescoes by Pinturicchio—amongst them the "Nativity," and "Christ disputing with the Doctors." These beautiful works are going fast to ruin; but instructions have already been sent out to have them copied ere it be too late. These are only a few of the paintings about which the society might interest itself. There are whole districts in central Italy, where almost every way-side chapel is adorned with frescoes by the pupils of Perugino. In the north of Italy, also, there is a great deal to be done. Only amongst the small towns, which are seldom explored by tourists, can the Lombard school be properly appreciated. The true greatness of Luini, for example, is only known to those who have seen his works at Saronno—a small town about fifteen miles from Milan, on the road to Varese.

In addition to the dangers which impend over many of the masterpieces of Italian art, from neglect and ignorance, there are two other evils to which Mr. Layard called attention. The first is the possibility of a convulsion at any moment taking place in Italy—the second is the systematic destruction of works of art by the Austrian troops. We fear that Mr. Layard spoke only too truly when he said that it is the settled policy of Austria to destroy everything which can keep alive in the mind of the Italians any proud recollections of their independence.

After Mr. Layard had sat down, Mr. Ruskin rose to address the meeting. He himself, he said, was occupied rather with modern than with ancient art, and some might think that he stepped a little out of his province in attempting to give advice to the Arundel Society. His, however, was a peculiar case. There was a time when he had hoped to devote his life to preserving a record of those very works of art which Mr. Layard had been describing. He had even begun his task, but the Vandalism of modern Italy was too much for him. Laboriously to copy a fresco on one side of a room, and to see the companion picture on the opposite side destroyed before his eyes, was more than he could endure. He gave up in despair an undertaking which

he believed the strength and the nerves of one man were unable to execute. A large body, however, employing many agents, might effect what would break the heart of a single worker. He was inclined to think that the Arundel Society was now just beginning to see its true vocation. At first it had been a little too ambitious. It had talked of teaching art. It would act, perhaps, more wisely in only trying to conserve it. He was doubtful how far it was familiarity with the ancient schools that our modern artists wanted. It was, he believed, rather knowledge of nature and intimate communion with her spirit. Mrs. Beecher Stowe had lately told him that in America a school of painting was arising, singularly pure in feeling, which, declining to copy the old models of Europe, sought inspiration only from the forests and the prairies. Nor ought any one to consider that conserving ancient art was a humble occupation. Let us only remember what art was in the middle ages. Now thoughtful men had a hundred different outlets for their activity. In those days, if they were neither warriors nor politicians, they had nothing but art or literature to fall back upon. A great many persons who in our time would never have cared to paint their thoughts, then retired into monasteries, and told the world all they could or dared to tell it by means of form and colour. In conserving the frescoes that are fading and falling to pieces in Tuscany or Umbria, we conserve a large portion of the thought of several centuries. It is very desirable that the Society should continue to devote itself chiefly to frescoes. In fresco, you generally get the noblest ideas of great artists; for in an easel picture an artist often attends chiefly to minute elegancies, whereas, when painting a fresco, he has to dash his thoughts at once upon the wall. Again, frescoes are rarely tampered with. They are left, indeed, to the damp and the cobweb; but cobweb and damp are less cruel than restorers. Besides, the beauty of fresco is more easily reproduced than that of ordinary pictures.

Mr. Ruskin concluded with a very eloquent exposition of the reasons why the Arundel Society should continue and increase its exertions in preserving some recollection of the great days of Italy. The time had, he said, very probably gone by when art was to take a very high place in human life. There were thousands of able and benevolent men now who were ready to elbow it aside wherever it interfered with improvement in other directions. The new street must be carried out whether the old chapel stands or falls. The manufactory must bring wealth to the town, although twenty beautiful specimens of domestic architecture must disappear to clear a site for it. The artistic period, perhaps, has passed for ever, making way for the prosperity of a busy and bustling age, as the dreams of childhood fade before the realities of man's estate. There is, he added, one consideration more to be urged, and that is, the debt of gratitude which we all owe to Italy. That unhappy country seems to appeal to us like a dying friend, who cries "Come to me; I have one secret to tell before I die." The secret which Italy has to tell is the secret of the Beautiful. Let us bend our ear to her pale lips, and hear what she has to say.

The annual subscription to the Arundel Society is only 17. 12. A glance at the catalogue of its publications will convince any one that nearly this amount is returned to the subscriber in works of art. The names of the persons who compose the Council will be a guarantee that the best æsthetic lights will be used in choosing the subjects for illustration. We trust that the publicity which we have given to the proceedings of the 20th of May may add some names to the list of its members. One caution, and one only, we will venture to whisper—the Society will act wisely in trying to obtain the support of the great mass of educated men who consider art as an adornment of life, rather than of the *dilettanti* by profession who believe it to be the one thing needful. The more it reproduces works which, like Luini's picture of St. Catherine, exhibited at the late meeting, appeal to all men of cultivated taste, and the less it deals in ivory-carvings, the better it will be for its finances and for its respectability.

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

##### IV.

MR. HORSLEY ought to occupy a high position among the Young England of our painters. But he does not grow; and we are not sure that he has not passed his prime. At any rate, his pictures this year are below his usual mark. It may be that this arises from the extant condition of the art-world. As in France at the present moment there is a steady, level school of religious art—pleasing, but never rising very high, and never sinking very low—which is kept up by the steady demand for pictures for ordinary gifts to ordinary churches, so we suspect that Art Unions and the like are tending to bring our painters down, as well as up, to a certain monotonous, unambitious character. Mr. Horsley is infected by this—he was better at making than he is now in sustaining a reputation. And, which is a vice of the day, he is aiming at the domestic sentimentalisms—"the old, old story" class of subjects. In No. 8, "Life and Still Life," a modest *grisette*—that rarest of all Parisian birds—is cheerfully and sparkingly represented. The thing is slight, but not nonsensical or pretentious; yet it is scarcely above an average. "The World Forgetting" (410) is rather silly—a pretty nun, looking unutterable things into the



future of a convent life, and a pair of clasped hands in agonized prayer, showing that the cloister is no security against the secret sorrows of the heart. This is twaddle, hardly relieved by any excellence of painting. 180, "Youth and Age"—a lane scene, with a commonplace contrast between a simple child, flower-gathering, and a haggard, witch-like old woman—is carefully painted as to the figures, but with very random trees and conventional banks. 338, "Hide and Seek—Found," is far better. Here we have some very exquisite painting of the silk and velvet school, and there is an accurate and painstaking precision in the gallant's countenance. To call it "clever" is perhaps an inadequate criticism; but the whole value of the composition is lost in its unworthy and, to ourselves, unintelligible subject. Whether the youth is going to serenade two girls, or whether it is a mere game at romps, we profess ourselves unable to decide; nor, as far as we can learn, are lady critics more certain about the subject. The distance is utterly commonplace.

Of No. 213, Mr. Leslie's "Sir Roger de Coverley at Church," one can only ask, in utter astonishment, whether this is the hand which painted "Sancho and the Duchess"? There is not the least trace of that genial humour for which the artist was once famous—not the slightest appreciation of the subject. Neither in age nor bearing was the good knight this stupid, simpering inanity; nor was the *Spectator's* round face quite so like a soup-plate. There is a great affectation of colouring in this picture. Sir Roger is in a pink coat, and there is a servant in staring canary, which certainly is not a pleasant tint for a central figure. Neither one nor the other are helped by the afternoon sun; and the whole subject, instead of being enveloped in that peculiar sleep-compelling, warm, dusty haze which characterizes a village-church, is flat, and in some parts, as in the velvet-covered font, absolutely raw. All the faces are bright pink, and all absolutely devoid of expression. In other days, Mr. Leslie would have put a whole volume of the annals of the parish into these groups; but as it is, there is neither group, story, nor meaning in the picture.

We wish that we could honestly congratulate Mr. Luard on a genuine success in "A Welcome Arrival" (133)—the interior of a Crimean hut. We wait till he paints without an eye to the clapping of the day. There may be something in him, but at present what power he has is thrown away on pictures of this sort.

Two or three pictures of the sentimental sort—which it is to be regretted that in some measure Mr. Holman Hunt has sanctioned by the "Awakening Conscience"—may be classed together. "Broken Vows" (601), by Mr. Calderon, is a young lady going to faint under an ivy-covered wall (and so far borrowed from "the Huguenot"), after very improperly listening to a faithless lover on the other side. All that we can say for it is that it is much better than its neighbour, "The Sale of a Heart" (603), which, in composition, feeling, and invention, is as bad as bad can be. Miss E. Osborn in 299, "Nameless and Friendless," has composed a really clever picture. The widow is perhaps commonplace enough, but the picture-dealer is thoroughly humorous, and there is a reminiscence of Wilkie in it which is promising. At present, however, this lady—and we think highly of her—can only paint portions of a picture. Mr. O'Neil, in 344, attempts what ought to be a scene of at least life and pleasant faces. At any rate, such a "Pic-nic" as we have assisted at on this spot—it is Burnham Bushes—does not exhibit those dismal wooden-faced lads and lasses.

Of the landscapes, which certainly do not exceed, perhaps scarcely attain the average, we must content ourselves with signaling Mr. J. M. Carrick's "Rydal" (542). It is a very careful, conscientious transcript of nature, recalling, in its minute and elaborate handling, though somewhat thin and scratched in detail, the late Mr. Seddon's style. What this picture wants in breadth and grace, is compensated by its honesty. The prevailing tints, of the yellowest, scarcely fuse with the dappled sky; and the whole subject has an enamelled and dry rather than aerial effect. Stanfield's (204) the "Scene near the Giant's Causeway," has rarely been equalled, if surpassed, in the sweep of waves; and he tells what so few painters succeed in—thereflex or backward wave tumbling off the land. Here is spray and mist of a very grand character. (308) "Calais Fishermen," by the same artist, is evidently an incident painted just as it occurred, and, on the whole, pleases us better than the fine picture which we have just spoken of, which has rather the look of a composition. This is a genuine piece of study which has brought out the artist's feelings, and is more affecting than the task-work of the "Giant's Causeway." Mr. Herbert must have had some special and private reason for commemorating, in 230, the French Coast in the autumn of 1853. We do not remember any previous landscape of this artist. Here is a calm and dull sweep of uninteresting coast, faithfully delineated, with an eye to nature in the clouds; but the waves are more marked in outline than would be the case if viewed from such a height as the spectator is supposed to occupy. Mr. Lee's exuberant green meadows are absent, but his vacancy is perhaps more than adequately filled by Creswick's "Meeting of the Brook and River" (219), which is something more than pretty. The trees selected are somewhat of the thinnest, and if the scene is autumn morning, we should have liked a stronger suggestion of mist and russet; but the clear distance is very poetical. "Parted Streams" (294) is also a very sweet picture. Witherington's "Early Summer" (132) is thoroughly English, with its cool depths of green—something

monotonous, as English scenery is wont to be, and lacking the rock, stone, and moss tints of a less exuberant atmosphere, but thoroughly characteristic; and Redgrave's "Cradle of the River" (189), may be marked among the most pleasing of these domestic and enjoyable subjects. Mr. Cooke's shore pieces (28 and 500), are quite true and literal, with a hard and bright atmosphere, and without the slightest attempt at trickery and exaggeration. Taken alone, they would not do justice to this artist's powers, who, in a "Scene on the Goodwin, Morning after a heavy gale" (442)—has painted a most pathetic and interesting picture. The sullen wash of the waves is well indicated, and the driving set of the clouds is poetical and true.

In picking up our dropped threads, we ought to mention Mr. Poole's picture, the "Field Conventicle" (391). This artist is not a favourite of ours; but this year, in attempting Italian colouring, he has made a great mistake. Mr. Uwins could once paint, and probably can still; but we do not think the walls of the Royal Academy the place for little studies and reminiscences of weeds, such as 237 and 909. These things are well to do and well to keep, but not well to exhibit. Mr. J. T. Linnell's "Mountain Path" (136), lifts itself out of the crowd of mediocrities. Mr. Egg's (331) "Scene from Esmond," is a good deal admired. It is one of those incidents which are of not sufficient interest to be remembered, and not broad enough to tell their own story. There is a stiffness and primness characteristic enough of the persons and scene, which is disagreeable; but the old lady's grim face is clever. Still the picture does not exhibit progress. No. 264, Faed's "First Break in the Family," pretty and sentimental, with a good deal of pleasing feeling. But the landscape is patchy and coarse.

Among the portraits, (126) "Mrs. Markham," by F. Grant, is the *belle* of the season. One longs to know what this lady's grandchildren will think of the saucy *bottine* and the coquettish red petticoat fifty years hence. This able portrait contrasts well with its companion (154), "Mrs. Peel," which is after the recognised Sir Joshua type, with conventional background and well regulated fore. We confess to the Young England view, and the little lady tripping through the snow is pleasanter than her classical rival. Buckner's "Lady Jenkins" (246), is said by all the world to be pretty; but it is painted with chalk. "Miss Hutton of Lanark" (302), by Sir J. W. Gordon, is perhaps the best portrait in the Exhibition. This lady, in her deep Rembrandtish expression, makes one understand what that charming race of old Scotch ladies of Lord Medwin's time must have been. Mr. Boxall's *vaporoso* and unsubstantial portraits are often likenesses; but affectation has ruined in him an artist of some promise. Eddis this year scarcely signalizes himself.

Of the sculpture we decline to speak. There are some average busts; but of the statuary, the less said the better.

#### EARLY FLEMISH AND GERMAN PAINTING AT MANCHESTER.

OUR present task will be to trace, by the aid of the specimens exhibited at Manchester, the progress of painting in the countries north of the Alps from its regeneration in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. And this investigation is by no means without value and interest, although the romantic and picturesque circumstances that attended the parallel movement in Italy have made the more prosaic details of the Northern revival comparatively uninviting. Indeed it may be questioned whether art did not awake from its long sleep even earlier among the Teutonic nations than in the South. At least it would appear that the germs of a strong naturalistic tendency, and some impatience of a mere traditional conventionalism, manifested themselves in Germany while Italy was still content with its Byzantine precedents. Probably the direct influence of the Greek Empire was less felt in inverse proportion to the distance from Constantinople; and again there are traces of something like an indigenous development of art-culture, centering, as was natural, round the chief seat of Charlemagne's power. Certainly the purer traditions of what must be called, we suppose, the early Roman school, seem to have lasted in more remote countries with greater vitality and in greater purity than in Italy itself. This may be seen more specially in the illuminations from northern monasteries; and the earliest pictures of the school of Cologne, be they what they may, are certainly not Byzantine. So too, in our country, there seems to have been a very interesting tradition of earlier and purer art, if we may ground an argument on the curious and very beautiful English picture, belonging to Lord Pembroke, exhibited at Manchester (920)—a triptych, bearing a portrait of Richard II. under the tutelage of three patron-saints, St. John, St. Edward the Confessor, and St. Edmund the King, and a host of angels, delicately drawn, and coloured in a pale blue tone. There certainly appears to be a peculiar and independent character in the design of this remarkable little triptych, with which may be compared the painted altar-front of the fourteenth century (921), contributed by the Dean and Chapter of Norwich—representing, in compartments, "our Lord's Flagellation," "Bearing the Cross," "Crucifixion," "Resurrection" and "Ascension." This succession, however, whatever promise it may have had, unhappily came to nothing in England. The early German school of Cologne, on the other hand, was more fortunate, and was most fertile, as well

in its own immediate productions as in its influence upon the further progress of art in other lands.

On the north walls of the Manchester saloons, dedicated (as we have said before) to Teutonic art, in bold contrast to the array of Italian examples on the opposite side, we find no such illustrations of the earlier missal style as were afforded by the illuminated miniatures of Don Silvestro Camaldolese. Without some such data it is impossible to measure progress in the improvement of easel painting. Indeed, in an educational point of view, much more might well have been done at Manchester for the illustration of the state of design in the interval between the earliest ages of Christianity and the mediæval regeneration of art. It would be a great mistake to suppose that there was no practice or study of art during these centuries. The technical processes, indeed, may have been rude and inefficient, and the best traditions, both of theory and of practice, may have disappeared among political and religious convulsions. But still, art was never wholly effete, even at its lowest point of decline; and there are many reasons for thinking that we much undervalue the merits of what remained. We know from history that churches and public buildings continued to be covered with internal paintings; and if most of the fabrics of these ages have disappeared, or if, at least, their mural ornamentation has perished, yet the indestructible mosaics of Ravenna and of Rome remain to prove that the power of design was by no means contemptible in the sixth and ninth centuries. Again, in ivory diptychs—such as those of which the Arundel Society has published so valuable a series in fictile casts—in embroideries and tapestries, in sculptures and carvings, and above all in the innumerable illuminations finished by the patient toil of the pious miniaturists of a thousand convents, may be found materials for an historical view of the state of art in the darker portion of the middle ages. It must not be forgotten by the intelligent student that the torch of art was never extinguished, though, at one time, it may have blazed less brightly than at another time, as it was handed down from generation to generation.

Judged of by easel-painting alone, the revival of art both at Cologne and Bruges would seem to have been extraordinarily sudden and rapid. There is nothing to remind one, in the works of these schools, of the transitional uglinesses of Cimabue. We go at once in *medias res*, and find ourselves admiring the comparatively well-developed style of Masters William and Stephen of Cologne, and the mature excellence of Hubert Van Eyck. The early specimen of the former of these schools, exhibited at Manchester by Mr. Beresford Hope—a triptych, with figures of numerous saints under canopies—is exceedingly remarkable for its delicacy and finish, the expressive animation of its design, and its general refinement of conception. It is a very valuable picture, and a thorough representative of its school. Compare with it the group of three saints, "St. Catherine, St. Matthew, and St. John Evangelist," by Master Stephen, from the Kensington Palace collection—a picture of great excellence, but to which justice can scarcely be done at Manchester, as there is no example of the earlier master, William of Cologne, with which to contrast it. But Master Stephen's knowledge of form, the good tone of his colouring, and his honest endeavours after a living imitation of nature are very apparent. The most celebrated work of this artist is the "Adoration of the Wise Men," so well known to tourists as one of the great ornaments of Cologne Cathedral. To this school of Cologne must be assigned the three pictures contributed by Prince Albert from the same Wallerstein Collection (437, 438, 439), by the "Master of the Passion," as that unnamed painter is called, of whose works—all noticeable for a characteristic individualism—the most celebrated is the "Passion" in Mr. Lyversberg's gallery at Cologne. Of these three pictures, the first, which is also the largest, is the finest and most worthy of study. Its subject is the "Presentation in the Temple." The works of the copyists, or inferior artists of this school, are generally of small merit; and these lesser men, while they copy the broader characteristics of the style, such as bright colour and hard outline, allow their imitation of nature to degenerate into an unenlightened materialism, and their imagination to run into the coarse grotesqueness that seems to lurk in the Teutonic mind. Hence it is, perhaps, that the German side of the gallery of Manchester is so much less fascinating than the opposite walls, on which the early Italians—in spite of occasional exaggeration and errors of taste—leave upon the mind a general impression of that refined idealism and pure love of beauty which characterize their gifted nation.

After the early school of Cologne, that of Flanders demands our next attention. We recently discussed at some length the history and characteristics of this school in reviewing Messrs. Crow and Cavalcaselle's volume, and we need not repeat what we said so lately. Manchester can boast of no specimen of the elder brother, Hubert Van Eyck; but it has a great treasure in a full-sized copy of the famous triptych in the cathedral of Ghent, representing the "Adoration of the Mystic Lamb" (475). The original, begun by Hubert, and finished after his death by John Van Eyck, his younger and more famous brother, is no longer to be seen in its entirety. Parts of the triptych have been withdrawn from public view, and others of the *volets* have passed, after many adventures, into the Berlin Gallery and elsewhere. The perfect copy at Manchester, sold during the French occupation in 1796, and at present in the possession of Mr. J. L. Lemmè, enables us to judge of the whole composition, and of course of the general

merits of the design. But we confess that we are disappointed in the style and texture of its painting. There is none of the conscientious minuteness of the Van Eycks in this copy—none of their distinctive colouring, none of their luminous transparency of atmospheric distance. This is valuable as a memento of the disposition and general colouring of the original, but for little else. And we hope that no one will be tempted to form a judgment of the masterpiece at Ghent from this poor reproduction. Before we leave this picture, let us express our surprise that the great central figure in its upper compartment, between the Virgin and St. John the Baptist, has been taken by some observers to represent the First Person of the Trinity. There can be no doubt that it is our Lord "in Majesty" (as it would be described in the technical language of iconography) who is here depicted. The mistake is shared by critics such as Kugler and the authors of the work referred to above, but it has no foundation in fact. And it is of some importance for the proper comprehension of the picture that this error should be rectified. It has been objected to the beautiful composition of the lower leaves of this triptych that it is grossly materialistic to represent the adoration of the actual lamb. But the painter guarded against this misinterpretation of his design by placing above the purely symbolical and mystical design his representation, under conventional forms, of the true object of Christian worship—the ascended and glorified Redeemer.

The Manchester Collection has been enriched with four paintings credited to John Van Eyck, two only of which we are inclined to consider genuine. The doubtful ones are a "Madonna" (471), of the Duke of Newcastle's, and a "Moses" (474) belonging to Mr. Lloyd Roberts. But the glorious picture of Lord Ward's (473), representing "The Mass of St. Gregory," seems to us to bear every mark of authenticity; and the other, the "Virgin and Child," under an architectural canopy, belonging to Mr. Beresford Hope (472), not only appeals to its pedigree as coming from the King of Holland's collection, but betrays in every inch the careful manipulation and exact manner of the master. The immediate followers of the Van Eycks are plentifully represented at Manchester, chiefly from the curious collection now at Kensington Palace, which is so valuable for its numerous examples of early Teutonic art. We find here the names of Van der Meire, Rogier, Van der Weyden, and Hugo Van der Goes; but we cannot notice particularly many of their works. As a Van der Weyden, Mr. A. Darby's "Annunciation" (485) may be studied; and so also (497) a Series of Scriptural Scenes, by Van der Goes, contributed by the Provost of Eton. The well-known wings of a large triptych, from Hampton Court, more commonly assigned to Mabuse, were claimed by Passavant for Van der Goes, and appear under his name (498) in the Manchester catalogue.

We come now to Memling, the most graceful and delicate artist of the early Flemish school. No less than eight paintings bear his name at Manchester. From these we select for special notice a triptych belonging to the Rev. J. McHenth, representing the "Deposition from the Cross," between figures of St. James the Great and St. Christopher; a beautiful diptych (493), belonging to the Rev. J. F. Russell, having on one wing the Crucifixion, and on the other the kneeling effigy of Jeanne of France, with several attendants; two wings of an altar-piece (495), belonging to Mr. Vernon Smith—a very charming specimen of his style, with great expression and vigour in the kneeling figures of the two donors and their patron saints; and lastly, a portrait of the artist himself (496), now the property of Mr. Wynn Ellis, which has a great value for all who take an interest in the painter's life. Of the undoubted influence exerted by this Flemish school on Italian art at Venice and elsewhere, we find no illustrations in the present Exhibition. Nor is there anything to provoke discussion on the nature of the invention of oil as a varnish or medium for painting, which is associated with the name of Van Eyck.

Leaving for the present the succession of Upper Germany, which led on to Albert Dürer, we must now pursue the course of art in the Netherlands, in the interval between Memling and the Later Flemish School. The connexion between Quentin Matsys, the smith-painter of Antwerp, and his predecessors at Bruges, is somewhat obscure. This artist, who flourished from 1460 to 1529, is well-known in England by means of his famous picture of the "Two Misers," at Windsor Castle. Her Majesty has sent this fine work (499) to Manchester; and also a triptych by the same hand (500), which is likewise of great interest. Of the other works passing under his name in the present collection, the altarpiece belonging to Mr. Green (502) is more likely to be genuine than the others. Here, in the central compartment, we have the "Virgin and Child," attended by saints and angels in the folding leaves. Quentin Matsys, or Messys (as he is often called), did not found a school; and we may pass on to his contemporary Mabuse. The *chef-d'œuvre* of this artist is at Manchester—the "Adoration of the Kings" (517), from Castle Howard. It is a very noble composition, and should be studied attentively. There are also several other very note-worthy paintings by Mabuse from other contributors, of which we select for remark a striking portrait of an "Ecclesiastic" (514), from Kensington Palace, and a "Descent from the Cross" (521), from the King of Holland's Gallery, now belonging to Mr. Dingwall. Bernard van Orley is another almost contemporary painter whose works are of more than ordinary merit. But the three best specimens of his style



at Manchester (528, 529, 530), all from Kensington Palace, are somewhat hard and unattractive. The first of these is a female portrait, but has no special claim to notice. We have now come to a somewhat dreary period of Flemish art. A strong Italianizing influence affected the style of a number of feeble painters, such as Lambert Lombard, Francis Floris (who indeed obtained the name of the Flemish Raffaele), and the families of Franck and Pourbus. There are two portraits, by the elder and younger Pourbus respectively, at Manchester, which have much interest. The former is that of "Sir Nicolas Carew," belonging to Lord Yarborough—the latter of "Duke Henri de Guise," the property of Lord Spencer. These two painters succeeded better in portraits than in any other branch of art; but it was otherwise with Joachim Patenier, who inherited some of the Van Eyck traditions in landscape painting. Unfortunately the four pictures by this artist at Manchester, all of them from the Kensington Palace Collection, are figure-subjects, instead of landscapes; and one of them (537), the "Magdalen," is sufficiently disagreeable. We must notice one more painter of the school of Bruges, Gerard Horenbant (or Horebont) of Ghent. A most singular picture by this somewhat rare artist, representing the "Root of Jesse" (533), now the property of Sir Culling Eardley, should not be overlooked. It represents a multitude of saints, whose names appear in the lineage of David, all rising from the flowers of a rose-tree; and the painting, with small pretensions to be considered a work of high art—to which, indeed, its conventional treatment would be a fatal obstacle—is a miracle of patience and ingenuity, and shows no little power in its grouping and design. We must reserve for another paper the second and more glorious period of Flemish art under Rubens and Van Dyck, and also our notice of the schools of Upper Germany and of the *genre* painters of Holland.

## MUSIC.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

VERDI'S opera of *Nino* was reproduced on Tuesday evening, after a nine years' oblivion, being chosen for the *début* of Signor Corsi, a baritone singer of considerable reputation in Italy. The work belongs to Verdi's noisiest period, and leaves on the ear very few melodious reminiscences. Two striking melodies have obtained popularity, and, but for the want of taste and skill in the composer, would form far more agreeable features in the opera than they actually do. These are a well-known march, which has something Rossinian in its idea, and the beautiful chorus, "Va pensiero," in the third act. The piece itself has suffered strange transformations. Originally based on the story of Nebuchadnezzar, and thence known under the name of *Nabuco*—produced in an altered form at Covent Garden, under the unintelligible name of *Anato*—and lastly moulded into a form in which Ninus, the Assyrian king, is substituted for the Babylonian, while the Babylonians take the place of the Jews, and are introduced as adorers of a certain male deity named Isis—the whole presents an antiquarian puzzle which would bewilder a Rawlinson or a Layard.

Signor Corsi is not quite the model of the great Assyrian conqueror, such as we guess him from the Nineveh sculptures. His voice has considerable sweetness, and he executes with facility, but with an intonation not always faultless. The part of the disrowned monarch is doubtless one requiring some delicacy to realize; and we doubt whether Signor Corsi will succeed in making it popular.

Madlle. Spezia, in the part of Abigail (who is a sort of Semiramis or Amazon), appeared to greater advantage than she had previously done. Her performance was very spirited, and her singing of the Verdian bravuras unexceptionable, though the exertion which these feats of voice manifestly require is at times apt to produce a painful feeling. Orotaspe, the high-priest, was ably represented by Signor Violetti, who gave in an effective manner the air "Tu sul labbro," terminating in a low note of great sonority and power. Mr. Charles Braham imparted but little fire to the part of Idaspe. Had he, however, a greater familiarity with the stage, his voice is sufficient to enable him to hold a more than respectable place.

## PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE fourth concert commenced with Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*—that marvellous piece of sound-painting, in which the indefinable pleasure of breathing country air after a prolonged residence in town, the dreamy idleness of a stroll by the side of a babbling brook, the village green with its rustic dances, the grandeur and terrors of a thunderstorm, and the feeling of thankfulness and tranquillity which possesses the mind when the face of nature resumes its serenity, are successively brought before us as in a moving panorama. Beethoven himself has left us the key of this symphony; but even without it, it would be difficult to mistake its meaning, so plainly are its features marked. Under the conduct of Professor Bennett, it was admirably played. The other symphony was that of Mozart in E flat. Compared with that of Beethoven, it sounds—we cannot say either tame, antiquated, or anything which implies inferiority—but secular and townish. The stately minuet, for example, moves like a dance of grand dukes and duchesses in strong

contrast to the wild and rather rough merriment of the rustics in the *Pastorale*.

Signor Sivori played Mendelssohn's concerto in E minor, with a perfection of tone and purity of expression not to be equalled, perhaps, by any other living player. His style is remarkably free from exaggeration. A solo of his own composition, intended to represent pictorially a carnival-day at Madrid, was rather a practical joke than a piece of real music. It abounded in those strange effects which can only be produced on the violin—intended to convey the ideas of a general promenade of the masquers in the Prado, a village dance with bagpipes, a storm, prayer, return of fine weather, and renewal of the dance "*à laquelle se mêlent des vieilles femmes*." The cracked voices of these old ladies were imitated with startling reality. We hope Signor Sivori designed no irreverence to Beethoven in all this; but, in truth, we would rather have heard such a burlesque on any other occasion. Madame Comte Borchardt, a Belgian vocalist, sang Beethoven's aria "Ah perfido," and one from Ambroise Thomas' opera, *Le Caid*. In the latter, she displayed amazing volubility, and great certainty of intonation; but a rather unpleasant quality of voice interfered with the effect of her performance.

We were glad to hear Professor Bennett's sparkling and fanciful overture, *The Naiades*, and should greet with pleasure more of his instrumental works at these concerts. The evening terminated with the overture to Rossini's *Siege of Corinth*.

## NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

THE New Philharmonic Society brought its performances to a conclusion on Wednesday evening, and proposes to commence operations again in February next, when it is hoped that the new building now in course of erection, and to be entitled St. James's Hall, will be ready for use. This Hall, designed by Mr. Owen Jones, and stated to be constructed with great attention to acoustical principles, is likely to be a valuable addition to our existing music-rooms.

On Wednesday evening, Beethoven's overture to *King Stephen* commenced the concert. It is a work seldom heard, and therefore acceptable; but it must be admitted to be one of his works in which very little of his genius appears. Written as a prelude to a piece of Kotzebue's, to inaugurate the opening of the Opera House at Pesth, it does not seem to have cost Beethoven much trouble, or to have been deemed worthy by him to be made the repository of any of his great thoughts. It is not destitute, however, of some of those peculiarities which distinguished his style, and an inferior musician might be proud to have written such a work. The symphony of the evening was Beethoven's No. 4, in B flat, the most joyous and gay of the whole nine.

A serenade in C minor, by Mozart, played as an ottett for two oboes, two clarionets, two bassoons, and two horns, was to a certain extent a novelty. In the shape of a quintett for stringed instruments, in which form it was arranged by Mozart himself, it is tolerably well known. It was, however, originally written for wind instruments, and, as played by Messrs. Barrett, Chisholm, Lazarus, Maycock, Hauser, Anderson, C. Harper, and Standen, all skilful professors of their respective instruments, it was a veritable refreshment to the ear. The andante is a delightful flowing melody, while the minuet, written in canon, shows Mozart's wonderful power of using the pedantic forms of art without sacrificing grace.

Madlle. Staudach of Vienna played Beethoven's concerto in C minor, without previous rehearsal, as was stated, and to the deterioration of the effect, as the band did not always seem to know exactly what they were about. The lady's performance elicited considerable applause. She has a firm touch, and her execution is generally good, nor does she seem to affect any of the miraculous feats now so much in vogue. All the better, we think.

An air of Handel, from *Alexander's Feast*—"These are Grecian ghosts, who in battle slain, unburied remain"—was sung by Mrs. Lennard Lewis to Italian words. This admirable composition would have been far more intelligible if given in the vernacular. As it was, the greater part of the audience were probably puzzled what to make of those solemn sepulchral sounds, delivered apropos to nothing. The other vocalist, Madame Gassier, gave Rossini's "Bell' raggio" and "Ah! non giunge," from the *Sonnambula*—the latter with an extra allowance of ornamentation.

## REVIEWS.

## FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE Abbé Gratry occupies a high place among that small band of French clergy who have made themselves famous for learning, thought, and piety, embodied in works of rare literary excellence. Three years ago, his *Treatise on the Connaissance de Dieu*—a critical *résumé* of the principal Theodæisms which have been put forward by heathen and Christian writers—received, along with Jules Simon's *Devoir*, the honourable tribute of a *couronnement* at the hands of the Académie Française. At a later period he published the most original of his

speculations, under the title of *La Logique*, being an attempt (*splendide mendax*) to prove the identity of the processes of reasoning employed in mathematical, physical, and metaphysical inquiries respectively—the whole bent of the writer's efforts being to win back science to philosophy, and philosophy to revealed religion. To these works has now been added a third, entitled the *Connaissance de l'Âme*,\* which develops to a yet higher degree the subtlety of reasoning and fervour of faith which marked his previous publications. Its general drift may be briefly comprehended in the saying in which Saint Augustine epitomized a kindred treatise—"Quid animal in corpore valeret, quid in seipsa, quid apud Deum." We cannot here attempt to give any analysis of its contents. We will only say that, in spite of the wide differences which may often exist between the author and his readers, we are convinced that few persons will lay down these volumes without a kindly and respectful admiration. It was a fortunate day for the interests and reputation of the French Church when the young student of the École Polytechnique exchanged the uniform of an officer of artillery for the cassock of the priest; and it is not the least interesting feature of his publications, that we are enabled to trace the influence of his early studies, under Poisson and Arago, upon those graver speculations which have subsequently occupied his attention. The current of thought in the French church is now setting away so strongly from the most glorious of her epochs, the seventeenth century, and from the common sense of the country, that we are thankful to meet with a man who does not think it expedient to speak coldly of Bossuet, or sneeringly of Reason. We need scarcely add that the Abbé Gratry is honoured with the hostility of the *Univers*.

Expectation has for some time been on the alert for Duvergier de Hauranne's *History of Parliamentary Government in France*. The two first volumes have at length appeared,† and will probably be read with greater interest in England, *cette terre classique du Gouvernement représentatif*, than among our neighbours. The first volume is entitled *Introduction*, and presents a picture of the various constitutional phases through which France kept staggering to and fro between 1789 and 1813; for although the *Charte* of 1814 was the first real and practical organization of Parliamentary Government, it can only be considered as "le résultat, et en quelque sorte le résumé d'idées antérieurement émises, et de systèmes déjà produits." The first chapter of the second volume accompanies Napoleon to Elba; and then the writer breaks ground in the history proper of French Parliamentary Government, by analysing the nature, history, and results of the *Charte*. M. de Duvergier Hauranne has compassed the art of exhausting his subject without exhausting his readers. So great, indeed, is the fulness with which he lays before us the events and discussions which followed the abdication of Napoleon, that the second volume only brings us to the eve of the Battle of Waterloo. Considering how freely the author expresses his hope of a revival of constitutional government, we confess we feel some surprise that this *Histoire* was ever allowed to see the light. We presume, however, that a government which keeps, as it won, its hold on power by playing off the passions of the masses against the educated intelligence of the country, satisfies itself with the reflection that literature is not a commodity quoted at the Bourse, and that books of so high an order as the one before us are not likely to exercise any influence in quarters where the reaction might cause embarrassment. We are glad to meet with any indication that the coarse materialism which now runs riot in the French capital has not altogether stifled nobler sympathies; and we sincerely trust, that the conviction recorded in the following passage may prove to be no barren aspiration:—"Après avoir assisté à la naissance, un développement, et à la mort du gouvernement parlementaire en France, j'ignore s'il me sera donné d'assister à sa renaissance; mais j'ai la conviction profonde que si je ne la vois pas, mes fils la verront, et que justice alors sera rendue à ceux, qui malgré de cruelles déceptions n'en auront pas désespéré."

In conjunction with the work just named, the reader may peruse an *Essai de politique contemporaine*, by M. Adolphe de Chambrun.‡ The writer is justly alarmed at the daily increasing centralization of government in France, and at the general political scepticism which pervades the social atmosphere. The picture he draws of French society is the more painful because we believe it to be true. He can discern nothing but ruin and disaster in the future, unless some vigorous effort be made to restore political feeling to healthy vitality. He suggests the propriety of going back to the old *états provinciaux*, in order to draw away the blood from the heart of France, and to rouse the nation from its present apathy about everything but the Bourse. In point of literary execution, the book is second-rate, but the earnestness and shrewdness of M. de Chambrun go far to compensate for any defects of style. His strong sympathies with England do not blind him to the impossibility of making government in France a *fac-simile* of our own.

M. de Barante is now publishing a new and enlarged edition

of his minor works. The first two volumes\* contain some very interesting sketches of the heroes of La Vendée, of generals, statesmen, financiers and diplomatists, such as Desaix, Saint Priest, Foy, Gouvion Saint Cyr, Talleyrand, Mollien, and the Comte de St. Aulaire, together with some essays on history and historians. Dispassionate almost to coolness, M. de Barante's pages reflect facts as a mirror, rather than portray them as a canvas. But this studied repudiation of one-sided views, and of all the seductive arts of a party writer, leaves a strong impression of the writer's truthfulness. "Scribitur ad narrandum non ad probandum," is a maxim of Quintilian's to which few writers have adhered with as much fidelity as the author of these volumes.

In the course of the last twenty years a new and higher direction has been given to the study of Classical Mythology in France in consequence of M. Guignaut's translation of Creuzer's *Symbolik*—a translation which might almost be called, as Creuzer himself admitted, an original work, so numerous and important are the improvements and additions incorporated by the writer in the progress of his undertaking. One of the most eminent of M. Guignaut's collaborateurs, M. Alfred de Maury, has just published the first volume of a *History of the Religions of Ancient Greece*,† which presents a rare combination of the erudition of Germany with the clearness and elegance of France. As may be inferred from the title, M. Maury has made it his object, not so much to collect together all the myths which fed the fancy of "those bewildered Pagans of old time," as to trace the rise, progress, and decay of religious feelings from the gross naturalism of primitive epochs to the recognition of a spiritual Presence, and of hopes and aspirations that "overstepped the grave." The first two chapters, which occupy about a third of the volume, deal with the primitive populations of ancient Greece and the religious notions which prevailed amongst them. We observe, with some surprise, that M. de Maury contests the theory so ably set forth by E. Curtius in his famous tract (*Die Ionen vor der ionischen Wanderung*), and which goes to show that, in the so-called Ionic migration, that people merely returned to their original seat. Surely M. de Maury is for once forgetful of the caution and sobriety characteristic of all solid erudition when he asserts that the like might be proved, "par un procédé analogue," of the Dorians. The third chapter examines the pre-Homeric myth-building of the Thracian *adi*—a period in the religious history of the Hellenes which finds its parallel in the picture of Hindoo religion portrayed in the Vedas. Greece, however, has left us no such written precursors to her Homeric Ramayana and Mahabharata. To these, and to Homer and Hesiod, M. de Maury devotes a laborious inquiry in the two following chapters, reserving the last for a survey of the transformations which the theogony of the Greeks subsequently underwent up to the time of Alexander. To those who wish to keep abreast with the most recent investigations in classical lore, this work is indispensable. The general reader will find in M. de Maury a succinct and entertaining expositor, and a trustworthy guide.

Apropos of Greece, we may here mention a work on the legends of the heroic age‡ which does not appear to have excited as much attention as it deserves. The author was at one time Belgian Minister at Constantinople, and it must be admitted that greater value attaches to this publication from the facilities thus enjoyed by him for visiting scenes famous in ancient story, than from any erudition or critical acumen displayed in the progress of his inquiry. Baron Behr has entered upon the somewhat arduous, not to say Quixotic, undertaking of separating what was real and historical in the legends of ancient Greece from what was the mere sport of fancy. "Quand j'étais à Rome," he says, "j'ai vu des artistes se livrer à un curieux travail. A force de trier, de composer, de juxtaposer des fragments de vases antiques ils parvenaient à refaire un vase tout entier. On s'apercevait bien de quelques lacunes dans la peinture, mais l'ensemble était rétabli, l'idée primitive était reproduite. Le lecteur jugera si j'ai refait mon vase." Possibly he has, but we suspect it is somewhat leaky. The Theogony of Hesiod, the Argonautic expedition, and the Trojan war, give rise to suggestions and hypotheses so startling that it is to be regretted the author has not fortified them by vouchers better calculated to win assent than his own unsupported assertions. A writer who seems prepared, like the mediæval ballad-mongers, to pin his faith upon such an authority as Dares Phrygius, must not be surprised if his readers place but feeble reliance on his judgment. The work is very handsomely got up, and illustrated with well-executed maps and plans.

M. de Pontmartin has commenced a second series of his *Causeries littéraires*, under the title of the *Causeries du Samedi*.§ Though inferior as specimens of that miniature-painting order of criticism to which Saint Beuve owes his popularity, they are creditably distinguished from the *Causeries du Lundi* by a moral earnestness, conscientiousness, and self-respect, which we look for

\* *Études Historiques et Biographiques*. Par M. Le Baron de Barante, de l'Académie Française. Vols. i. ii. Paris: Didier. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

† *Histoire des Religions de la Grèce antique, depuis leur origine jusqu'à leur complète constitution*. Par L. F. Alfred de Maury. Tome i. Paris: Ladrance. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

‡ *Recherches sur l'Histoire des Temps Héroïques de la Grèce, avec quatre cartes et un plan*. Par M. le Baron Behr. Paris: Didot. London: Williams and Norgate.

§ A. de Pontmartin, *Causeries du Samedi*. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeff. 1857.

\* *De la Connaissance de l'Âme*. Par A. Gratry, Prêtre de l'Oratoire de l'Immaculée Conception. 2 vols. Paris: Lecoffre. 1857. London: Jeff.

† *Histoire du Gouvernement Parlementaire en France*. 1814–1848. Précedée d'une Introduction. Par M. Duvergier de Hauranne. Vols. i. and ii. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeff. 1857.

‡ *Du Régime Parlementaire en France*: Essai de politique contemporaine. Par M. Adolphe de Chambrun. Paris: Didier et Durand. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.



in vain both in the career and the writings of the feuilletonist of the *Moniteur*. After some introductory remarks on the mixture of suspicion and disdain with which, as the writer contends, literature is at present regarded in France, M. Pontmartin devotes four chapters to what he styles "Les Fétiches littéraires," as exemplified in the persons of Balzac, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and Voltaire. While we readily indorse his strictures on the character of Balzac's cynical novels, we protest most strongly against the unjustifiable harshness of the diatribe on Victor Hugo's *Contemplations*. These chapters are succeeded by a series of articles on recent historical works by De Toqueville, De Broglie, Cousin, Nettelement, and Roselly de Lorgues. The volume winds up with some remarks on the lighter literature of the day. On the whole, this volume forms an excellent *recueil* of healthy criticism.

Some time back a work was published in America, purporting to be written by spirits of rapping notoriety. We have now a treatise before us,\* which one might almost think had been written under the influence of spirits of a still more questionable description. It is entitled a *Theory of Language*, and we read with profound alarm that this "exposé préliminaire" is only the precursor to two thick volumes. We presume the writer is serious, but we defy any of his readers to remain so. He tells us, indeed, that the Emperor of the French, to whom he submitted the "fundamental principles" of his theory, promised that he would give it his "attention sérieuse." Polite dissimulation could no further go. As a specimen of this most erudite theory, we treat our readers to the following, on the Greek word *ὀφθαλμος*. "Dans ce mot si compliqué *ophthalmos*, le Grec a fait une description presque physiologique de l'organe, et une description presque physique des phénomènes de la vision. Il s'occupe d'abord de la cavité orbitaire; c'est une rondure *O*, c'est presque une sphère, mais dans le sens opposé. *Op*; c'est un trou rond *Op*; de ce trou un objet se sépare (*H*) tout en y tenant encore, et cet objet est le testificateur (*T*) de l'action d'aller à la limite (*AL*) de la manifestation (*M*) de l'*Os*, c'est à dire de l'osculation visuelle, embrassant l'étendue de la terre et des cieux. *Os sublime dedit et callos intueri*."

A most entertaining volume of anecdotes, aphorisms, and criticisms de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis has lately been published by M. de Mézières.† It is rare to meet with a Frenchman who displays such familiarity with the penetralia of English literature. There is so much of kindly sympathy with England in this volume that we pardon the solitary instance of malevolence displayed at the close, where the author tells us that he could not resist a sly feeling of satisfaction at our discomfitures in the Crimea. The events of 1814 and 1815 had, it seems, made us so fearfully *bumptious*, that the *orgue britannique* required a wholesome check. From the general tone of the work, however, M. de Mézières is evidently a man of most extensive reading, cultivated understanding, and kindly nature.

At a time when marriage laws are undergoing discussion in England, it may not be superfluous to call attention to a small treatise‡ by one of the most eminent of French *pasteurs*, M. Coquerel, which touches incidentally on some of the points now at issue, though the subject more immediately treated in its pages refers to marriages between Protestants and Roman Catholics. The parties so united bind themselves by an oath to bring up their offspring in the Romish communion. In endeavouring to show how the obligations thus incurred may ultimately be evaded, we think M. Coquerel betrays more casuistry than candour. The same publisher has recently given to the world a small but charming little tale, entitled *Un Dimanche*§. It consists of only four chapters, and the events narrated are comprised, as the title implies, within the limits of four-and-twenty hours. The plot turns on a misunderstanding between a man and his wife (the former a workman in a watch factory at Geneva), which the events of the *Sunday* combine to remove. It is curious to see how interesting a tale the author has constructed out of such simple materials.

M. Seudo, the musical critic of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, has just published a tale|| which originally appeared in that periodical, and which might be called a French *Wilhelm Meister*, in so far at least as the comparison can legitimately convey the idea of a similar combination of elements of fiction with æsthetic criticism on art in general, and music in particular. As a secondary aim, M. Seudo has succeeded in giving us a most masterly picture of the deathbed of the Queen of the Adriatic. It is painful to see the light of Venice flaring up as it were in the socket, and to watch the gradual crumbling away of her institutions, mouldy and rotten to the core. Some of the characters in this work are portrayed with wonderful power. The volume closes with the arrival of the eagles of France and the extinction of the Venetian Republic.

\* *Théorie du Langage. Exposé préliminaire.* Par M. Jeantin, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur. Président du Tribunal Civil de Montmédy, Correspondant du Ministère d'Instr. Publique, et Membre de plusieurs Sociétés Savantes. Paris: Jules Tardieu. London: Jeff. 1857.

† *Jugemens, Maxims, et Reminiscences.* Par M. L. Mézières, ancien recteur de l'Académie de Metz. Paris: Jules Tardieu. London: Jeff. 1857.

‡ *Traité des Mariages mixtes.* Par Athanase Coquerel, l'un des Pasteurs de l'Eglise Réformée de Paris. Cherbuliez. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

§ *Un Dimanche. Scènes Familiales.* Par Mme. Tourte-Cherbuliez. Paris: Cherbuliez. London: Jeff. 1857.

|| *Le Chevalier Sarti.* Par P. Seudo. Paris: Hachette. 1857. London: Williams and Norgate.

In the Preface to his translation of the *Agamemnon*, Humboldt insists very strongly on the importance of translations as a feature of a country's literature. They at once indicate and direct the current of the national taste. If, with this view, we glance at what is going on in France, we find our curiosity somewhat excited by a translation of *Bleak House*.\* The very peculiar and affected diction in which Mr. Dickens frequently seeks a substitute for originality in the creation of character, has evidently proved a sore stumbling-block to the ingenuity of the translator. In many instances he has been obliged to give the go-by altogether to sundry stock phrases which are made use of by the English writer with more of artifice than of art. It is astonishing how Mr. Dickens loses in translation. We can only compare him to an elderly actress suddenly removed, in all her stage attire, to broad daylight. An American novel, on the other hand, by Mrs. Ann Stephens, gains rather than loses in a French dress—the peculiarities of American-English no longer jar upon the reader. Germany contributes her share to the literature of translations; Hauff's well-known tales are admirably rendered by A. Materne; and we observe that Mügge's *Afraja*, and Freytag's *Soll und Haben*, also form part of Hachette's *Bibliothèque des meilleurs Romans Etrangers*. From the publication of these works and the favour they meet with, we are led to infer the existence in France of a growing feeling of dissatisfaction with the current light literature of the country, and a desire to substitute something less pernicious. Several of these translations appeared originally in Hachette's *Journal pour Tous*,† by far the best of the cheap illustrated penny papers which now teem from the French press. The last volume of this journal contains a new novel by Dumas (*Les Fils de Jehu*).‡ We learn, for the first time, from its pages, that an Englishman's university career commences at the mature age of twelve years and terminates at nineteen. The great object of the *Journal pour Tous* is to furnish some less poisonous nutriment than the ordinary run of French novels. And assuredly this is needed. It was only the other day that M. Sainte Beuve devoted a long article in the *Moniteur* to one of the most revolting productions that ever issued from a French novelist's brain. Smaller critics, like the *moutons de Panurge*, followed the lead of the man whom they are not ashamed to call their master and coryphæus, and thus the *Madame Bovary*§ of M. Gustave Flaubert has become one of the *beaux succès* of the season, and its author is decorated with the title of a "chef de file" of the rising literati of France. It was satisfactory to find the *Journal des Débats* refusing to swell the chorus of M. Flaubert's admirers, and proving that the coarseness of his so-called realism was, if possible, aggravated by the most flagrant branches of taste in point of style. And yet such is the garbage of which we are invited to partake by the reviewer of the official journal of the French empire.

We are glad to be able to offer, as a substitute for this deleterious trash, two capital tales by Léon Gozlan and Alphonse Karr. The "Emotions de Polydore Marasquin"§ is certainly one of the strongest provocatives to laughter we have ever met with. The idea of composing the characters of a work of fiction out of a legion of baboons had at least originality to recommend it. We could name many novels in which the portraiture of character is far less successful than in the volume before us, however unfavourable, in appearance, may be the conditions under which it is conceived. Of Alphonse Karr it is only necessary to state that the *Chemin le plus Court*|| is abundantly marked by those sprightly qualities which have so long ensured to him the favour of the public. There is a mother-in-law in this tale who has a strong resemblance to the amiable lady in Mr. Thackeray's *Newcomers*.

#### MEMORIALS OF ANDREW CROSSE.

It was highly proper that some record should be preserved of a man so remarkable as Mr. Andrew Crosse. We doubt, however, if the work before us is exactly what was wanted. Such a life as his seems susceptible of two modes of treatment. Some friend, amply furnished with documents, might have written a short biography of the ordinary kind; or else Mr. Crosse's scientific, as distinguished from his private history might have formed the subject of a memoir in the style of the French *éloges*. Neither of these courses has been adopted. The author of this volume, which is rather a series of sketches than a regular biography, is Mr. Crosse's widow—a lady, we believe, of very unusual talents and acquirements, but obviously too closely connected with him to be able to use sufficient freedom in narration, in praise, or in censure.

\* *Bibliothèque des meilleurs Romans Etrangers*: Dickens, "Bleak House," 2 vols. 12mo. Ann S. Stephens: "Opulence et Misère." Hauff: "Nouvelles." Mügge: "Afraja." Freytag: "Doit et Avoir." Paris: Hachette. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

† *Le Journal pour Tous*. Magasin hebdomadaire illustré. Tome ii. Paris: Hachette. London: Jeff. 1857.

‡ Gustave Flaubert. *Madame Bovary*. Mœurs de Province. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeff. 1857. 2 vols.

§ Léon Gozlan. *Les Emotions de Polydore Marasquin*. Paris: Michel Lévy. 1857.

|| *Le Chemin le plus Court*. Par Alphonse Karr. Paris: Hachette. Bibl. de Chemins de Fer. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

¶ *Memorials, Scientific and Literary, of Andrew Crosse, the Electrician*. London: Longmans. 1857.

The Crosse of Fyne Court are a very ancient Somersetshire family, well known throughout the West of England for their firm support of liberal principles, as well against the despotism of Charles I. as against the would-be despotism of George III. The father of the subject of this memoir was abused and threatened as a Jacobin by the rabble of Bridgewater. Andrew Crosse was born on the 17th of June, 1784. In 1788, he went for a time with his parents to France, and on his return to England was sent first to live with a clergyman at Dorchester, and then to a private school at Bristol. Amongst his schoolfellows were several persons not unknown in their generation—Mr. Broderip the naturalist, Mr. Kenyon, Mr. Eagles, and Dr. Jenkyns, the late Master of Balliol. In 1802 Mr. Crosse went into residence at Brasenose. On leaving Oxford, after the death of his parents, he took up his abode on his family property at Fyne Court, among the Quantock hills, and there he spent nearly the whole of his long life. While still a boy, he had acquired some knowledge of electrical science, and from the time when he first retired into the country he worked much at it. He gave also a great deal of attention to chemistry and mineralogy. In 1809 he married, and from that date to 1821 his life seems to have been unbroken by any important events. He divided his days between his electrical apparatus and the usual duties of a country gentleman. The following paragraph, which is taken from a paper which he read at the meeting of an archaeological society, shows the effect upon his mind of this very tranquil existence—

In my walks over the Quantock hills my attention has been called to their products, their minerals, the woods which adorn their sides, the varied and magnificent views from their highest tops, the distant channel bounded by the Welsh mountains, and a thousand accessories which it is impossible to behold with common sensations; but far stronger are they when I reflect that I drew my first breath within their precincts, and that those from whom I derived my existence sleep beneath their soil. As life draws on, the memory of the past is added to the enjoyment of the present, and things in themselves common and trifling become sacred in our eyes.

When the Liberal party began to recover from the long torpor into which they had been thrown by the first French Revolution, and the language of constitutional freedom was once more heard in England, Mr. Crosse, as might have been expected, took a prominent part in his own neighbourhood. On several occasions he proposed or seconded the Whig candidate for the county. Of course this made him unpopular in some quarters. A stranger, once asking at a public meeting who the person was who seemed so much disliked by a group of noisy farmers, was told—"that's Crosse of Broomfield, the thunder and lightning man; you can't go near his cursed house at night without danger of your life; them as have been there have seen devils, all surrounded by lightning, dancing on the wires that he has put up round his grounds." The mention of these wires recalls us to his electrical room and laboratory at Fyne Court. Everything here was on an enormous scale—the apparatus had cost some thousand pounds, and the house was full of furnaces. Science was first thought of, and comfort and conventionality afterwards. "Dinner," said some one, "seemed to be an accident in the day's arrangements." It was not till the meeting of the British Association at Bristol in 1836, that Mr. Crosse became at all generally known even among men of science. He went to the meeting at the urgent request of a few intimate friends, and left it famous. As soon, however, as he could, he slipped away, and was back among his Quantock hills. No sooner had he become celebrated than he was assailed by the envious, and controversialists undertook to prove that discoveries which he had never claimed were not really his. Mr. Crosse had worked alone. He read few scientific periodicals. He did not know what others were about, and of course when he went out into the world, he brought forth from his treasure "things new and old." Fortunately, he was not tormented by scientific jealousy. It was enough for him to feel that he had, without assistance, discovered one of the secrets of nature. He cared not who else had been equally fortunate.

Shortly after this there appeared in Mr. Crosse's laboratory, under very remarkable circumstances, that little insect in connexion with which his name is most familiar to the public. His account of this affair may be read at length, in a letter to Miss Martineau, given in the text of this volume, and in a note in the appendix. When the strange story of the appearance of the *acari* first became known, Mr. Crosse and his proceedings were made the subject of much unmerited abuse by ignorant persons. He was accused of usurping the attributes of the Creator, and "disturbing the peace of families." What he himself thought of the whole matter will be seen from the following remarks:—

As to the appearance of the *acari* under long-continued electrical action, I have never in thought, word, or deed, given any one a right to suppose that I considered them as a creation, or even as a formation, from inorganic matter. To create is to form a something out of a nothing. To annihilate is to reduce that something to a nothing. Both of these, of course, can only be the attributes of the Almighty. In fact, I can assure you most sincerely, that I have never dreamed of any theory sufficient to account for their appearance. I confess that I was not a little surprised, and am so still, and quite as much as I was when the *acari* made their first appearance. Again, I have never claimed any merit as attached to these experiments. It was a matter of chance. I was looking for silicious formations, and animal matter appeared instead.

The three years which followed the meeting of the British Association at Bristol were spent by Mr. Crosse chiefly at Fyne Court. About this time he talked of going to prosecute his researches abroad, in a less expensive country than England, but

eventually he abandoned the idea. A considerable gap here occurs in his biography, and we are carried to the year 1846, when he lost his first wife.

For some time before his second marriage, which took place in 1850, Mr. Crosse lived more in London than he had done in early or middle life; but after that event, he retired once more to Fyne Court. He was still a strong man, and was able to make long walking expeditions, in which he was accompanied by his wife. In one of these, they came to a place which commands one of the finest views in the West of England, and in connexion with which Mrs. Crosse tells an anecdote which is new to us:—"It was here that Coleridge and Thelwall once sat watching the setting sun, when the former said, 'Citizen John, this is a fine place to talk treason in.' 'Nay, Citizen Samuel,' repeated Thelwall, 'it is rather a place to make a man forget that there is any necessity for treason.'"

In 1854, Mr. Crosse attended the meeting of the British Association at Liverpool, and took some part in its proceedings. He died in July, 1855. Some of his experiments are detailed in a separate chapter. Many of these consisted in forming crystallizations. "I have produced," he writes, "about 200 varieties of minerals, exactly resembling in all respects similar ones found in nature." A singularly pretty experiment is detailed in pages 193 and 194, illustrating as well Mr. Crosse's close observation of nature as his ingenuity in imitating her works. He tried also a new plan of extracting gold from its ores by an electrical process, and seems to have been satisfied that it was better in some respects than the ordinary mode; but the expense would apparently preclude its coming into common use. He was in the habit of saying that he could, like Archimedes, move the world "if he were able to construct a battery at once cheap, powerful, and durable." His process of extracting metals from their ores has been patented. Other useful applications of electricity, which we owe to Mr. Crosse, are the purifying, by its means, of brackish or sea water, and the improving bad wine and brandy. The following anecdote is curious:—

On one occasion Mr. Crosse kept a pair of soles under the electric action for three months, and at the end of that time they were sent to a friend, whose domestics knew nothing of the experiment. Before the cook dressed them, her master asked her whether she thought they were fresh, as he had some doubts. She replied that she was sure they were fresh; indeed she said she could swear that they were alive yesterday! When served at table they appeared like ordinary fish; but when the family attempted to eat them, they were found to be perfectly tasteless—the electric action had taken away all the essential oil, leaving the fish unfit for food. However, the process is exceedingly useful for keeping fish, meat, &c., fresh and good for ten days or a fortnight. I have never heard a satisfactory explanation of the cause of the antiseptic power communicated to water by the passage of the electric current. Whether ozone has not something to do with it, may be a question. The same effect is produced whichever two dissimilar metals are used. It often occurred to Mr. Crosse that the electrified water might be drunk beneficially in cases of typhus and other fevers, and also could be used for baths.

Other experiments in the laboratory at Fyne Court were directed towards that difficult and little understood subject—the influence of electricity upon vegetation. Mr. Quekett appears to have agreed with Mr. Crosse in thinking that it is by electrical action that silica and other mineral substances are carried into and assimilated by plants. Negative electricity Mr. Crosse found favourable to no plants except fungi, and positive electricity he ascertained to be injurious to fungi but favourable to everything else. Less important experiments related to making impressions on marble and to crystallizing plaster of Paris. In addition to these scientific details, Mrs. Crosse gives us many poetical compositions by her late husband, and some anecdotes of the remarkable people whom he met are interspersed through her pages.

Seldom has the truth of the words, "It is not good for man to be alone," received a more striking illustration than from the book before us. Mrs. Crosse informs us that her husband was a "most uniformly joyous being." If this be so, either we have misread most of his letters, and nearly all his verses, or else we have yet to learn what melancholy and blue devils mean. His scientific labours suffered as much as his general character from the solitary life which he led. "Ground in the social mill" of London, the angles of his mind would have been rubbed down, and his experiments, assisted by the suggestions and guided by the collateral labours of equally able men, might have yielded not hints, and promises, and inklings of great discovery, but solid and definite results, which would have raised him to a very high place amongst the scientific names of England.

#### A FRENCHMAN IN NORWAY.\*

M. ENAULT, in stating his reasons for visiting Norway, lays down an aphorism on travelling, the truth of which cannot be denied. "Chaque voyage," he says, "est pour nous comme une fenêtre de plus qui s'ouvre sur le monde." But there are more ways than one of employing this window. You may sit down beside it to read some book, or you may fall asleep at it, or look out and see nothing but the pump opposite. M. Enault is of much too active a habit of mind to admit of his doing the second, and has too much observation to do the last; but it seems as though he indulged himself in the first-mentioned way occasionally, and we fancy that for sundry pages of his book he was indebted

\* *La Norvège*. Par Louis Enault. Paris. 1857.



to some other source of ideas than what he saw through that imaginary casement which opened itself to him on his arrival at Christiania.

It was the late Professor Forbes, we think, who started the theory, that in some mystic grotto, known only to the initiated, watched over zealously by gnomes and other spiritual guardians, there lies a mighty original encyclopædia—the parent of all other encyclopædias, the quarry whence all encyclopædists have dug their materials. If this be the case—and how else are we to account for the marvellous unanimity of opinion in these works?—it is not unreasonable to suppose that there may be a standard book of travels, of which the public wot not, but to which, by means of proper spells, persons about to write of the lands they have visited can gain access. On such an hypothesis it is possible to explain the constant recurrence of the same bits of history, the same remarks upon trade, manufactures, manners, and national institutions, and not unfrequently of the same mistakes, in the Diaries, and Journals, and Recollections of travellers who are bitten with the book-making mania. To this class we fear M. Enault belongs. If what he actually saw or heard were separated from what he read, and if those portions of his book which he could not have written without a visit to Norway were set off against those which, with the aid of a history and a gazetteer, he could have written just as well without ever leaving home, the balance would be anywhere but on the side of personal experience. There are some, it is true, who will not consider this a serious objection; but the majority would probably prefer a little more about what the writer noticed, and a little less of what can be had at first hand from the *Biographie Universelle*, the *Encyclopædia*, and the *Northern Antiquities*. We may observe, by the way, that M. Enault does not seem to be altogether at home when dealing with the latter class of subjects. He translates “Harald Hardrádr (the Stern)” by “Harald aux cheveux rouges,” and “Harald Hårfagr” by “Harald aux longs cheveux.” He cannot satisfy himself as to the orthography of the latter name, but spells it indifferently Harfager, Harfagar, Haarfagar, and Haarfagard; and on very insufficient evidence he forms an opinion that the Laplanders are Celts, and not Ugrians, as ethnologists maintain. Here, however, he is unaccountably supported by Mr. Laing, whose work on Norway it is evident, from this and other coincidences, he has at least read.

Much more might pass unnoticed in a heavy writer, but M. Enault has not even the excuse of dulness to offer, for wherever he does use his eyes he is as observant and pleasant a travelling companion as can be desired. It is quite plain, however, that he is a tourist of the rapid order. A friend at Christiania, who felt anxious for his success, asked him if he knew Norwegian. “No! but I shall know it,” was the confident answer. “When?” “On Sunday.” “Sunday!—This is Monday. You’ll learn Norwegian in six days?” “Quite enough,” said M. Enault. The feat is no doubt within the limits of possibility, but the anecdote shows the animus of the traveller; and if he studied Norway in the style in which he studied its language, no wonder his notebook required some extraneous aid before 400 and odd octavo pages of letterpress could be made up.

It is true Norway cannot be expected to have the same interest for a Frenchman that it has for us. To the Englishman, Norway is the land whence he derives a large portion of his blood—and that portion, too, which makes him take to the water as naturally as a Newfoundland dog. But still, to any traveller, no matter what his nation or sympathies may be, few countries are more deserving of careful study—if for this reason alone, that few countries, probably none in Europe, have undergone so little internal change during the last nine or ten centuries. If the Norwegians no longer feast upon boiled horse-flesh, and pelt each other with the bones on solemn occasions, if their fleets put to sea with a view to stockfish instead of plunder, if they have given up many of their old habits, at least they have adopted none of those belonging to their neighbours. Norway has always resisted amalgamation of any sort. The blood of the sea-kings is still flowing unmingled in the veins of the bonder. There is something very striking in the unostentatious, but determined manner, in which the Norwegians have, under all circumstances, preserved their independence and national identity. They seem never to have cared much who their nominal rulers were, confident that with unanimity, stout hearts, and the natural advantages of the country, they would have their own way, no matter under what crown. The history of Norway, too, shows how requisite a knowledge of physical geography is to the diplomatist’s education. According to the map, nothing seems more natural than that both sides of the Scandinavian peninsula should be under one rule. Such, at least, was evidently the opinion of the sapient coterie which, in 1813, thought to make a compact little kingdom of Sweden by the addition of Norway, forgetting that the two countries were in reality as distinct and widely separated as if the Atlantic lay between them. Sneehattan and the Dovre Fjeld had already forbidden the banns; and so the Norwegians got a constitution, and the King of Sweden a crown, which certainly will never seriously injure his health by the amount of responsibility or exertion entailed by it.

In all probability, it will be some time before Norway loses its primitive character. Notwithstanding the many advantages which the country, according to Mr. Laing, offers to the enterprising farmer, there are very few settlers from other parts of Europe. The intercourse with foreigners in the way of trade is

trifling, and confined chiefly to Christiania and Bergen; and a few salmon fishers and tourists each summer are not likely to introduce many new ideas among a people so conservative in its tendencies, especially as they are for the most part Britons, who seldom leave anything but money and high prices behind them. Even with the tourists, except those of the more adventurous class, Norway cannot be said to be a favourite country, for there travelling is far from being the luxurious affair it is in most other parts of Europe. On this head M. Enault gives some hints which may be of use to such persons as mean to follow him. In Norway, as nearly every one knows, none of the ordinary means of locomotion are to be met with. There is, indeed, a railway, but there are no stage coaches, diligences, or public vehicles of any kind on the roads. One of the first things, therefore, the traveller has to do is to provide himself with a carriage. M. Enault recommends the karriole of the country in preference to the more comfortable calèche, as being simpler in construction, and consequently, in case of a break-down, more easily repaired. The stations at which horses may be procured are generally six or eight miles apart, and are of two sorts. The *faststation* is a regular posting house, where there are always horses ready. The *skifstation*, on the other hand, is nothing more than a farm house, the proprietor of which is obliged by Government to furnish travellers with relays at a fixed rate, and the horses he supplies are those which he uses on his farm. As a general rule, the stable is empty when the traveller arrives at a *skifstation*, all the horses of the establishment being out in the fields; and as the Norwegians are not remarkable for the quickness of their movements, he is kept waiting a number of hours, varying inversely with the alacrity of the farmer. To obviate these delays, an *avant courier* is sometimes sent in advance, with instructions to order horses, and, if necessary, refreshment for his master, who follows at a more leisurely pace; but unfortunately the courier will occasionally go to sleep on the road, and then the positions are reversed—the master arrives first at the station and orders the servants’ horses. Another plan is to send by post to the masters of the stations you intend to pass, a paper (which is not called a *forbud*, as M. Enault says it is, confounding the messenger with the missive) stating the day and hour at which you require the relay to be ready. There is no danger of these requisitions being neglected, but if you are not up to time you pay dearly for your want of punctuality—so much so, that M. Enault conceives it possible to be ruined by a slight accident at the beginning of a journey, producing its effect at each station throughout your route. On the whole, he thinks it best to put a little philosophy in practice, and wait patiently at the *skifstation*; and then you have the posting-book, with the remarks of your predecessors in it, to amuse you. One, you find, has lost two hours, another half a day. You may study national character, too, in the observations you will find recorded. The Norwegians, you will perceive, take the matter quietly—it is an institution, and they are satisfied with that. The Swedes are haughty and contemptuous. The Germans keep up their constitutional good-humour, and show their universal benevolence by mentioning, for the benefit of after-comers, anything that may be worth seeing in the neighbourhood, pointing out where there are landscapes to be sketched, or specimens, geological or botanical, to be obtained. The English are benevolent, after their fashion:—

Quand ils ne savent que faire, ils mangent; puis ils écrivent qu’ils ont mangé. Ils renseignent aussi leurs compatriotes sur les ressources du lieu, ne craignant jamais le détail et n’épargnant point la particularité la plus minutieuse:—“Excellent saumon, n’oubliez pas le beurre à l’anchois et l’harveysauce! Il n’y en a pas dans la ferme.”

Our national peculiarities are evidently a source of keen enjoyment to M. Enault, and he tells, with great glee, a rather good story of two English sportsmen he met at Jerkin:—

L’un était de Londres et l’autre de Bristol; jeunes tous deux, pêcheurs tous deux, et gentlemen irréprochables. Mais, comme ils n’avaient pas été introduits l’un à l’autre, ils vivaient là depuis six semaines, côte à côte dans cette solitude, sans jamais échanger une parole. Mes deux gentlemen étaient bien jeunes, et j’ai eu souvent l’occasion de remarquer que chez les jeunes Anglais la roideur n’est que la dissimulation de la timidité. Je pris sur moi de me présenter à l’un d’eux et de lui présenter l’autre, ce qui fut parfaitement accepté, et dans la suite ils purent vérifier en commun leurs additions.

The North Cape and the Lapps are the two natural curiosities to which M. Enault seems to have paid the greatest attention; and his account of the latter forms the most interesting part of the book. In religion, the Lapp is an odd jumble of Christian and Pagan. On solemn occasions—baptisms, marriages, and funerals—he puts on Christianity, but he has a good stout paganism for working days. He is an exemplary sabbatarian, and will even abstain from milking his reindeer on Sunday, to the great discomfort of the animal; but at the same time he endeavours to retain the good graces of Thor, of Sarakka, and especially of Storjunker, the deity who presides over hunters and fishers and the objects of their pursuits. He believes that at Christmas the air is filled with the spectres of the ancient gods who are dethroned by the Infant Christ, and he endeavours to appease them by sacrifices. An equally strange medley of ideas is displayed in the construction of the kannus, or magic drum, from which they draw omens as to the future. The skin forming the head of the drum is adorned with Christian and heathen emblems—for example, the figures of Christ and the apostles, Thor, Storjunker, drawings of wolves, bears, reindeer—to which is some-

times added the portrait of the owner of the instrument. When the drum is to be consulted, a small piece of iron, or a ring, is placed on this skin, which is then struck with a drumstick, and the good or ill fortune of the questioner is inferred from the figure upon which the ring or iron, yielding to the vibrations of the membrane, finally rests.

These phenomena are easily accounted for by the fact that Christianity has been thrust upon the Lapps, but never taught to them. Formerly the missionaries marched against them, the cross in one hand, the sword in the other. In later times, when they assembled at the places appointed for the payment of their tribute to Sweden or Denmark, the priest came with the taxgatherer, and baptized children, solemnized marriages, repeated prayers over the dead, delivered a brief exposition of the Christian doctrines, and went home, to return when the next tribute was due. Subsequently, schools were established, churches built, and baptism made compulsory. Religious books were supplied to them, translated into their own language, which they cannot read—ministers came and preached to them, through an interpreter. It is no great marvel that the poor Lapp, bewildered with the intermittent stream of zeal thus brought to play upon him, should be a devout Christian as to the observance of the Sabbath, baptism, and such matters as are not beyond his puzzled comprehension, having, at the same time, a private Thor in his tent to apply to on emergencies. There is, perhaps, a moral here worthy of the attention of Exeter Hall.

#### MONIER WILLIAMS'S SANSKRIT GRAMMAR.\*

PROFESSOR WILLIAMS published in 1846 a Sanskrit Grammar; but, seeing the necessity for considerable modifications in a second edition, he has in fact re-written it, and produced essentially a new book. It is a remarkable work in many respects, and, like every important grammatical or lexicographical production, marks the progress of grammatical knowledge in the period preceding its publication. The Sanskrit language, of which Sir William Jones (about 1780) was one of the first Europeans to attain an accurate knowledge—and which remained till long after the commencement of this century the proud possession of a very few English scholars, such as Wilkins and Colebrooke—began, about the year 1825, to be studied both in England and on the Continent with the zeal naturally stimulated by an untried field of learning of apparently vast import. A new epoch in the knowledge of Indian antiquity is indicated by the commencement of the study of Sanskrit among the Germans about that time. Whilst our English scholars proceeded steadily and carefully on the path traced by Hindu grammarians, learned the contents of the Sanskrit, and endeavoured, by painstaking collection of coins and copying of inscriptions, to lay the foundations of future history, the Germans, in their new zeal, began to theorize and generalize at once. And, being fortunately headed by a man of such eminent genius for apprehending the correct relation between the grammatical inflexions and sounds of various languages as Bopp, this generalization, so far from being confuted by subsequent investigations, has continued to receive brilliant confirmation from these at every step, and has, therefore, established comparative grammar as a science. Not less renovating was the influence of this great man on Sanskrit grammar specially, than on the comparative grammar of the Indo-European family of languages in general. English scholars, finding the study of grammar developed among the Hindus to a degree of refinement not reached by any other nation, had naturally, in the first instance, limited their philological desires to a thorough acquaintance with the Indian system. When this had been attained, they undoubtedly discovered that much which was really simple had been greatly involved and mystified by the refining tendency of the Indians, and that their account of the process whereby the inflexions were added to a word might be good as a mnemonic system, but conveyed no idea of the process that really took place; yet, in the main, they were not prepared to abandon a system so carefully elaborated, which possessed, moreover, the sanction of the natives, surely the best authorities on their own language. But Bopp, partly by following out the hints given him by cognate languages, and still more by happy combinations effected on the domain of Sanskrit grammar itself, succeeded in placing all the parts of the language in relations to one another, which irresistibly carried with them their own conviction, and which seemed so simple that it appeared a wonder they had not been so understood before. Lassen might take certain exceptions to Bopp's theory of the origin of the vowel-increment called *Guna*—might question whether the infinitive in *jam* and the gerund in *tva* stood in so close a relationship to one another as Bopp had maintained when he treated them as cases of an obsolete verbal noun: but the general structure stood unimpaired. English scholars, from the national distaste for the theoretical, have been slow to avail themselves of the grammatical truths elicited by Bopp from the structure of the Sanskrit language. They have not denied, but simply ignored them. And Bopp's great work on Comparative Gram-

mar, though it has long been translated, is probably more talked of than studied in England, even by men whose occupations ought to guide them to it; whilst, of the now voluminous literature of comparative grammar in Germany, called forth by Bopp's opening of the subject—which often corrects, modifies, or confirms with fresh evidence the views originally adopted by Bopp—scarcely anything is known to English scholars.

At the same time, English scholars possessed a merit all their own. If they did not philosophize on the origin of grammatical forms, they were able to present with remarkable clearness the phenomena of the language as it was; and their careful classical training prompted them to discover the syntactical practice of the Sanskrit language just as their own University authorities had done for the Greek and Latin. Our greatest scholar, Professor H. H. Wilson, gives in his grammar a concise but thoroughly satisfactory chapter on the Sanskrit Syntax. And his long acquaintance with the land and literature of India enabled him to multiply his exemplifications of grammatical rules to a much greater extent than Bopp.

It has apparently been Professor Williams's aim to combine the merits of these two schools. He has appreciated the merit of Bopp's system; and, himself an educated Englishman, he has the English accuracy and attention to the syntax. He has, moreover, kept steadily in view the necessity of a clear arrangement of a difficult subject for the convenience of learners; and we believe that in this he has succeeded, better certainly than Bopp, perhaps than Wilson. The subject of the composition of words, so important in Sanskrit, is treated at some length and with great care; and the syntax is particularly good. There is a considerable number of paradigms of verbs of the different classes conjugated in full; so that the learner is not entirely left to his own discretion in applying the rules, as is too frequently the case in Bopp's grammar. Particularly deserving of approval seems to us the position which the laws for the formation of nominal bases from the root occupy in this grammar, before the rules for the declension of the nouns so formed.

In the declensions, we think more of Bopp's system might advantageously have been adopted. Surely Bopp is more right, in assuming the *t* used by stems in *a* as the proper termination of the ablative singular, and saying that, the ablative of other stems having become obsolete, they employ the genitive instead, than Williams, who, making *a* as the original common termination of the genitive and ablative, speaks of *t* as a deviation therefrom in the case of stems in *a*. We have also been disappointed not to find here Bopp's very ingenious division of the cases of some nouns into strong and weak, or into strong, middle and weakest—illustrated by the strong stem *rājān*, the middle stem *rājan*, and the weakest *rājñ*, in the cases *rājānam*, *rājasu*, *rājñe*. This distinction is so firmly rooted in the structure of the Indo-European languages, that it reappears in Greek in the differing accentuation of *vaīs*, *vīēs*, and *vīōs* (*vīōs*) *vīē*, and perhaps in *παρίπ*, *παρίπ*, as compared with *παρίπ*, *παρίπ*. In the same way we miss Bopp's ingenious division of the personal terminations of the verb into simple and strengthened, for which the Indian nomenclature of "P forms" is an unsatisfactory substitute. There are some faults to be found even with the syntax. We do not suppose that Professor Williams would render "it was said by Cicero, Æschylus," *Cicerone dictum est*, *Διόχλην εἰρήθη*; yet in his Sanskrit grammar, there is not a trace of any distinction between the "agent" and the "instrument." The instrumental case is used for both; yet we are only told that it "denotes the instrument or means by which anything is done," and the example is, "by me it was said"!

As to the hints at the connexion between certain Sanskrit formations and certain Greek and Latin ones, we are of opinion that Professor Williams has shown very sound judgment in directing the student's attention to such connexions. Whilst not really distracting his mind one instant from the study he has in hand, it gives him an enlarged and enlightened view of language which cannot but have a favourable influence on all his Indian studies; and the connexion thus indicated with languages with which he is supposed to be thoroughly familiar, will come most powerfully in aid of his memory in learning the Sanskrit forms. It will, in short, take the place of the Indian *memoria technica*, which has been discarded. If the Indians remind themselves of the necessity for lengthening the root-vowel by learning the personal terminations with an otiose *p* affixed (*mip*, *sip*, *tip*, for *mi*, *si*, *ti*, whence from the root *i*, 'to go,' with lengthened vowel *i*, *emi*, *bahi*, *eti*, whereas plural with simple *i*, *imas*, *itah*), will not the remembrance of the Greek verb (*εἶμι*, *εἶς*, *εἶα*, with long root vowel, plural, *ιμεν*, *ιτε*, with short), do the same for the English student in a more natural manner?

However, this attempt at comparative grammar is the least satisfactory part of the book. We are told of the "interchangeableness of *s* and *r*" in the classical languages. We believe there is not a single unambiguous example where an original *r* has become *s*. The stem of *genus*, *generis* is *genes*, and of *mus*, *mus*, *mus* (cf. *musculus*: and of *uro*, *ustum*, *us* is the root (Sans. *uś*). And so in every instance that can be named. We are told that "Sans. *d* often passes into *θ* in Greek." In fact, it seems to do so in three words only, and is a deviation from the laws for the correspondence of sounds, to be explained from special causes: *δυσάρπ*, which is *S. dūhitrī*, stands for *δυσάρπ* by a dislocation of the aspirate; and in *θεός* = *dēva*, *δύα* = *dudra*, the loss of the *r* probably has had some-

\* A Practical Grammar of the Sanskrit Language, arranged with reference to the Classical Languages of Europe, for the use of English Students. By Monier Williams, M.A. Second Edition. Oxford: University Press, 1857.



thing to do with the aspiration of the initial consonant. And we ought not to be told that Sans. *dh* becomes in Latin *z*, without the important qualification, "in inflexions only." (Cf. *naubis, navibus*; but *bhinadmi, fudo*). The discovery of these faults does not however prevent our giving warm thanks to Professor Williams for having paid what attention he has to comparative grammar.

#### AMERICAN LECTURES ON BRITISH POETS.\*

THE most convenient modes of tracing the course of a national literature are by classification or chronology. These methods are essentially different in the lines of observation they suggest, and the illustrative topics they open up. In grouping a literature into classes, such as satirists, humorists, moralists, the historical element is subordinate to the critical; while in a general survey comprehending the whole under a chronological arrangement, criticism, having little space for the investigation of details, is necessarily subordinate to historical and biographical exposition. It is superfluous to say that the former mode demands higher powers, whilst the latter, of more practical utility to the million who read as they run, is much simpler and easier of accomplishment. Professor Reed's Lectures on the British Poets are formed upon the chronological principle. He begins with Chaucer, and ends with Wordsworth. But the chronology has several remarkable gaps in it: Lydgate, Gascoigne, Warner, Davies, Hall, and the satirists, early and late, Suckling, Waller, Akenside, Thomson, Goldsmith, and a score of others whom the world will not willingly let die, are passed over in silence. The age of the Restoration is represented by Dryden. From the Restoration we leap into the reign of Queen Anne; from Twickenham we execute a summersault that lands us at Olney; from Cowper we make a spring to Burns; and from Burns we are whisked into the presence of Wordsworth, Southey, and Rogers. We might compound for these intervals and omissions, if the matter of the lectures were in other respects sound or striking, or if the Professor had anything new to tell us, or could even tell us in a new way what we know already. But the style is raw and flaunting—the criticism, loose in reasoning and meretricious in expression, is generally either transcendental and obscure, or extremely commonplace—while the indifference with which the writer slurs over facts and dates constantly leads him into error and confusion.

After wading through a long and wearisome introduction, which repeatedly wrings from us a mental remonstrance similar to that addressed by Hamlet to the murderer in the play, we come at last to Chaucer. Before we have advanced, however, half-a-dozen pages, we discover that the plan elaborately laid down by the lecturer for his own government, of placing the poet in the midst of the contemporary age, is not followed in this instance. The age of Chaucer has not occupied the attention of the lecturer. He evidently knows nothing about it, and does not even care to gather instruction from the vivid pictures of the time which are ready to his hand in the *Canterbury Tales*. Ignorant of the poet's language, he changes the "pore Person" into the "poore parson," and crowns the blunder by calling him a "clergyman"—a designation which, we need not say, yields no distinct idea whatever of his functions. He gives hardly any specimens of Chaucer's verse, and the specimens he does give are garbled, and their meaning and rhythm destroyed by bungling attempts at modernization. Instead of extracts from Chaucer, he incoherently cites Burns's poem on the Daisy, and a piece on a similar subject by a later writer; and he adopts as a fact what other critics, not quite so bold, have ventured upon only as a speculation—that Chaucer was sixty when he commenced the *Canterbury Tales*.

This is an unpropitious commencement, and the prospect does not improve as we proceed. Spenser, who follows next in succession, occupies the same lecture with Wyatt and Surrey, Sternhold and Hopkins, and "the minstrelsy." In this remarkable chapter we learn that blank verse, of which the first example in our language was given by Surrey, well deserves the name of the "English metre;" and that the poetical faults of those "two good men," Sternhold and Hopkins, are redeemed "by some passages of true poetic spirit, a vigour, a simplicity, and a dignity befitting the lofty theme." Of the "minstrelsy"—the researches of the lecturer being apparently limited to the border specimens published by Scott—the account is meagre, and the examples are inadequate. The "grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens" is presented in a version at once imperfect and incorrect. Aberdeen, or Aberdeen, as we find it in some copies, is here called Heberdom; the ballad is deficient in two stanzas; and there are several textual blunders, such as "skuly" for "skeely," and "gars" for "gane."

Shakespeare affords scope for a play of fancy always dangerous in transatlantic critics. There seems to be an ineradicable tendency in the American mind to ignore the few facts of Shakespeare's life that happen to rest upon satisfactory evidence, and to trust for his biography to inspiration and conjecture. Professor Reed is not superior to his country's weakness. He dismisses summarily the scanty particulars of Shakespeare's career, because, he says, they are of no significance in relation to his

poetry; and immediately afterwards he launches into a speculation (long before exhausted by previous writers) as to whether Shakespeare's genius may not have acquired a dramatic direction from the revels at Kenilworth. This is what, in the following explanatory passage, he calls casting upon Shakespeare's life "the meek light of imagination":—

I have purposely disposed, in a very cursory manner, of the facts of Shakespeare's life. But while I would avoid the fruitless and illusive process of conjecture founded upon imperfect testimony—the fitful flash of speculation—I am not disposed to turn away from this portion of my subject without endeavouring to cast upon it the meek light of imagination.

By the help of this light, he arrives at the conclusion that, notwithstanding the "little Latin and less Greek," Shakespeare was well educated. He forms this opinion from the respectability of the family, and the "tone" of the poet's early writings. The rather entangled sentence in which this conclusion is worked out, offers a curious sample of American professional logic.

From the respectable condition of his family, and still more from the easy and natural tone of even his early productions—that tone of learning incorporated into the mind which it is so hard for an uneducated man to affect—I have no doubt that Shakespeare's acquirements, so far from being below the standard of ordinary education, were such as to entitle him to rank among the well-educated, even though, afterwards, in his intercourse with the literature of other languages, the ancient and the foreign, he had recourse to the secondary medium of translation.

We need not remind the English reader that the heads of the respectable family could not write their names, and that the boy Shakespeare was taken home to help his father in his business, when, according to this theory, he was "incorporating into his mind" a "tone of learning." We fear that his principal "intercourse" with other languages was through the channel described by our lecturer, as a "secondary medium"—an expression probably meant to convey a covert suggestion that Shakespeare acquired his philology by means of the spirit-rappers.

In the way of small facts there are numerous errors in these volumes. We are told, for example, that Shakespeare published his *Venus and Adonis* and *Locrine* before he appeared as a dramatist, although he had brought out nearly a dozen plays when the poems were printed. Greene, we are informed, was born at Stratford—he was a native of Norwich. It is stated, with the air of an ascertained fact, that the *Tempest* was the last of Shakespeare's plays, although most editors close the list with the *Winter's Tale*, and some have ventured to suppose that the *Tempest*, from its imaginal luxuriance and freshness, must have been one of his earliest. The English drama is said to have reached its highest eminence in the reign of James I., under whose sovereignty it fell into decline; and the dramatists, from Peele to Shirley, are mixed up and confounded together, as if they all lived contemporaneously, instead of forming an interlinked succession. The commencement of Dryden's influence upon the literature of his age is referred to the year 1674; but at that time he had put thirteen or fourteen plays upon the stage, had published the *Annus Mirabilis* eight years before, and had been six years in enjoyment of the laurel.

When we find errors and negligences of this description in a work which, to be of any practical value to the students of our poetical history, should be trustworthy upon matters of fact, we must not be surprised to find it inconsistent and empirical upon matters of taste and opinion. Accordingly, the Professor deals largely in critical verdicts and fugitive speculations which will not bear close investigation. The commonplaces of criticism, upon which all mankind may be presumed to be agreed, are insisted upon with sufficient emphasis, although disguised in gaudy decorations, through which they cannot always be easily recognised. Here and there we have some sensible observations labouring out into the light from under clouds of verbiage. The author has a proper sense of the narrowness and bigotry of Dr. Johnson's standard of judgment in poetry; and he draws a just distinction between the criticism which springs from sympathy and that which has its origin in apathy or spleen. Unfortunately, however, the advantages we might derive from these occasional evidences of diligence are fairly swept away by the author's fantastic aberrations and flights of eccentricity. Clearness of exposition is obviously the first condition of a work of this nature; but there can be no clearness of exposition without clearness of thought, and both require a strict system of definitions. The lecturer who has not himself thoroughly mastered his subject cannot impart it to others; and if, moreover, his way of speech is loose and vagrant—if he attaches no distinct and fixed meaning to terms of criticism which should be used always with rigorous exactitude, in order to ensure perspicuity and avoid misapprehension—the result cannot be other than a mere disorderly rout of words. Of what avail, then, is it to generalize, with an appearance of authority, upon points which command universal assent, unless the teacher can show us the use and application of his canons when we descend into particulars? The fundamental defect of these lectures is the total absence of scholastic accuracy—perhaps we ought to say scholastic knowledge—rendered still more glaring and disastrous by a redundant and irresponsible style. Language is here employed as much at random, and with as little attention to definiteness, as if the author, instead of composing a critical treatise, were writing a dashing article for a sporting newspaper. We cannot afford room for examples, nor would they repay, by any quality of mere entertainment, the space they would occupy. Something, however, of the high galloping manner of the Pro-

\* Lectures on the British Poets. By Henry Reed, late Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. 4 Vols. Philadelphia: PARRY and Macmillan. London: Trübner.

fessor, when he sets about explaining any of the elements of his subject, may be gathered from the following piece of jaunty grandiloquence, intended to define imagination, and to convey the aboriginal fact that the earliest forms of expression were poetical:—

It is the poet's duty to deepen human sympathies and to enlarge their sphere; to cast a light upon the common heart of the whole race; to calm the anxieties and to sustain the highest and farthest purposes of our being. Imagination, the prime nourisher of hope, is the characteristic of man as a progressive creature; and its most strenuous efforts are given to dignify, to elevate, to purify, and to spiritualize. In the history of the literature of all nations, the herald of its day is the morning-star of poetry; and, when it passes away, the last light that lingers after it is the ever-aspiring ray from its setting orb.

Showers of such sentences as the following, filled out into an apparent meaning by the employment of mere convertible terms, might be collected from these volumes:—"The severe discipline of Puritan morality once removed, there came quickly in its stead a lawlessness whose pride was its freedom from all restraint." That is to say, there came a lawlessness whose pride was its lawlessness. Speaking of the utilitarian character of the age, and comparing the people who estimate poetry by rule and measure to people who buy cloth or tea by measurement and weight, we have a sample, executed with evident pains, of the author's manner of crowding his page with heterogeneous images:—

Now, when you turn from the world of trade to the minor world of moral and intellectual operations, you will see men weighing and measuring out their judgments and their sentiments with all the confidence of logical deduction from their premises, not dreaming that often in these premises lies the fallacy of a false balance and a crooked rule. The mind, instead of being truly poised, is often perversely planted; and it has its makeweights in the shape of covert prejudices or prepossessions, and thence come distorted judgments and misdirected affections.

A purveyor of incongruous tropes like these might be expected to vindicate and applaud that mixture of Pagan and Christian images which so often deforms the writings of our early poets, and even of some of our later. And accordingly, Professor Reed denounces the grave objections which have been urged against the poetical union of Heathenism and Christianity as the "poorest technical criticism," "superficial and unimaginative criticism," "false criticism," and "incapacity to sympathize with a high and strenuous effort of imagination." When Spenser makes one of his heroes see Tantalus in the infernal regions, "consumed with the hunger and thirst of centuries," and Pontius Pilate, not far off, "wringing and washing his blood-stained hands eternally, hopelessly," our lecturer considers that the bringing together a fiction from paganism and a truth out of Holy Writ is not even an error of taste, and that both Tantalus and Pontius Pilate are equal realities to a "fervid imagination." What this "fervid imagination" is capable of in prose may be ascertained by an examination of these volumes. We have alluded to the style, but have not ventured to illustrate it by an anthology of the flowers of speech in which it abounds. The reader has already fallen upon such phrases as the "fallacy of a false balance and a crooked rule," a mind "perversely planted," and the "ever-aspiring ray of a setting orb," in the short extracts we have given. Let him dip into the book, and he will learn that Milton's Hymn on the Nativity has "very much the sound of *Paradise Lost* set to a lyrical measure"—he will find the Professor talking of being able to show that "the sad part of Burns's career" had not its "origin in the gift of imagination"—and he will hear something also of the "gifted, but darkly diseased existence of Coleridge," of "uninspired inspiration," of "the industry of an impulse," of how to "ventilate a stagnant air," and many more things no less curious and surprising.

#### BELOW THE SURFACE.\*

IF it is any merit in a book that it makes us think the author a very amiable person, that amount of praise is certainly due to *Below the Surface*. It betrays all the good and the bad points which belong to amiability. It is temperate, sensible, kindly, and pleasant; but, it must be confessed, it is weak. The weakness is not that of a dull, flippant, or book-making writer—it is the honest and almost attractive weakness of a person who does his best, and who can be gay, observant, sharp, and sentimental, but never by any chance shows strength. There is not a thing to object to throughout, or at any rate there is very little. Certainly there are a few dialogues given to illustrate, not the action or characters of the story, but merely such general occurrences as a London dinner-party, and they are very forced and even silly. But they have not much to do with the book, and they leave its general merits unaffected. And if we do but make the reserve which truth demands, and acknowledge that the novel contains no indications of power, it still possesses a great many merits on which we may conscientiously dwell. It is interesting; and the first great test and requirement of a novel is, that it should be more amusing to read it than not—a condition which three novels out of four fail to satisfy. The reader of *Below the Surface* will probably find no difficulty in finishing the three volumes. The plot is contrived with a very tolerable amount of skill, and there is something real and lifelike in the sketches of character. The writer must evidently have had many opportunities of examining the life of the different classes inhabiting an English

county. Then, again, there is a great variety in the matter, and an agreeable liveliness in the manner of the book. There is a religious and slightly controversial tone in some parts, but not a trace of bitterness, and we observe only some slight signs of a very pardonable partiality for what the author considers the correct type of the true members of the English Church. The ladies of the family whose fortunes furnish the thread of the story, are simply and gracefully described; and the hero—an upright, stern, noble-hearted man, tinged with an hereditary Puritanism—has sufficient freshness and interest to make us endure willingly the space of time during which he is kept before our eyes. If the author only aimed at producing a work of purely temporary reputation, and is satisfied with having shown the world that, personally, he is possessed of some very excellent qualities, he may be said to have been very successful. Of all the numerous novels that the English press has sent, or will send, out in the course of this year, it is probable that there will not be half a dozen better and pleasanter than *Below the Surface*.

Young writers have generally a moral purpose, which their work is intended to subserve; and this book seems to aim at exposing the evils which lurk beneath the surface of English country life. We cannot, however, say that it is very exactly shown what those evils are. The plot suggests that they may be of three kinds. A husband misunderstands and suspects his wife—a workhouse and lunatic asylum are badly managed—and a scheme of fraud is concocted to extort money from a gentleman in search of a missing member of his family. These evils may certainly exist below the surface of English country life; but it is hard to say how they are connected, or what good it can do to state the fact of their existence. Any one who makes himself acquainted with the history of a rural neighbourhood will undoubtedly find that green fields, and singing birds, and getting up at four or five in the morning, do not carry with them or imply exalted virtue of any sort, and that it is only in melodramas and pastoral tales that innocence dwells under the hedges. But to point this out by means of an elaborate tale in three volumes, shows an affection for truisms which does not mark a mind of very high order. From the concluding paragraph of the work we are, however, led to suppose that it is principally to the description of workhouse and asylum iniquities that our attention is intended to be drawn. We confess that we get rather callous to these exposures made by romance-writing philanthropists. If the writer is speaking of facts that have come to his knowledge respecting particular institutions, a novel is not a good vehicle for manifesting and remedying the abuse. Mr. Reade, in a work the great beauty and power of which we heartily acknowledge, has given a convincing proof of the dangers into which a novelist is betrayed who merely approaches the facts of a particular case in a vein of virtuous indignation, and loses all power of sifting evidence by the vehemence with which he is carried into his benevolent denunciations of crime. If, therefore, the author of *Below the Surface* means to attack particular institutions and persons, he has incurred a very serious responsibility, and one from which he cannot shield himself under the plea that he is only a writer of what is imaginary. But, if he has no facts to work on, and only describes a bad workhouse or asylum as he would an assassination in Italy, or a lover's faithlessness, or anything else equally removed from the actual lives of particular individuals, what moral good can he be said to be doing? Far from doing any, he is only libelling the institutions of his country. Supposing a novelist were to draw a picture of English public schools altogether unjust and unfounded, painting the masters as taking money to let the boys off lessons, and the boys as given to telling tales of each other, he would be doing a very scandalous and reprehensible action. This, we may be sure, is not the way in which the author of *Below the Surface* has got his material. He has not entirely imagined it. He is thinking of real cases, though he does not want to point his finger directly to men and places that shall be immediately recognised. But he is at least working up vague remembrances of workhouses and asylums that he has known; and, if he does so with an idea that he is a public benefactor, we cannot but differ from him. Workhouses and asylums are public institutions; and, on the careful management of any one of them the happiness, and perhaps the lives, of many Englishmen are dependent. If, therefore, a man knows a bad case, let him come forward, prove his facts, bring everything to a definite test, and reap shame or honour according to the issue.

We will not give any sketch of the plot of *Below the Surface*, for it has hardly body and pith enough to retain much interest when the outline of the story has been made known. Perhaps the weakest and worst part is the conclusion, for the author has a contempt for the possibilities of chronology which is rather puzzling, and this displays itself most conspicuously at the end of the work. The heroine is married early in the book, and soon after her marriage is described as reading *Maud* under a tree. The events of the story are spread over a space of rather more than two years. *Maud* was published in the summer of 1855, and so this brings us to next July; and then there is a happy winding-up, in which we have a glimpse into the sunny past of the heroine's life, and she is described as blest with a boy—a sprightly lad, who could not have been born till 1858—and a baby that probably came into the world about five years hence. The writer also makes the too common mistake of giving each of

\* *Below the Surface*. A Story of English Country Life. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.



his characters a neat and appropriate ending. The scheming mother marries an Austrian adventurer, and becomes a government spy—the cruel keeper of the asylum becomes himself a lunatic, and so on. There is something pleasant, perhaps, in having everything polished and rounded off so nicely at the conclusion; but there is also something weak and trifling in this sort of finale, and if good writers have sometimes fallen into it, yet in an inferior writer it is certain to be noticed. It gives a sort of pettiness to the contrivance of the plot, and *Below the Surface* is not a novel that can afford to be weighted with any drawbacks.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

To the Editor of the Saturday Review.

Sir—We shall feel obliged by your inserting the following Correspondence. We are, Sir, your obedient servants,  
YORK, May 27. NEWTON and ROBINSON.

8, Bedford-row, London, May 26, 1857.  
Dear Sirs,—As solicitor for and on behalf of the Rev. W. Gaskell, and of Mrs. Gaskell, his wife, the latter of whom is authoress of the "Life of Charlotte Brontë," I am instructed to retract every statement contained in that work, which imputes to a widowed lady, referred to, but not named therein, any breach of her conjugal, of her maternal, or of her social duties, and more especially the statements contained in Chapter 13 of the first volume, and in Chapter 2 of the second volume, which impute to the lady in question a guilty intercourse with the late Branwell Brontë. All those statements were made upon information which at the time Mrs. Gaskell believed to be well founded, but which, upon investigation, with the additional evidence furnished to me by you, I have ascertained not to be trustworthy. I am therefore authorized not only to retract the statements in question, but to express the deep regret of Mrs. Gaskell that she should have been led to make them.

I am, dear Sirs, yours truly,  
Messrs. NEWTON and ROBINSON, Solicitors, York. WILLIAM SHARPE.

YORK, May 27, 1857.  
Dear Sir,—As solicitors of the lady to whom your letter of the 26th instant refers, we, on her behalf, accept the apology therein contained, and we have to add that neither that lady nor ourselves ever entertained a doubt that the statements of Mrs. Gaskell were, as you say, made upon information which, at the time, Mrs. Gaskell believed to be well founded. We are, dear Sir, yours truly,  
W. SHARPE, Esq., Bedford-row, London. NEWTON and ROBINSON.

### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Saturday, June 6th, will be repeated, Donizetti's Opera,

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

Lucia, Madlle. PICCOLLOMINI; Enrico, Sigr. BELLETTI; Bidebent, Signor VIALETTI; and Edgardo, Sigr. GIUGLINI.  
To conclude with the revived Ballet, by M. Perrot (the *Misc-en-Scène* by M. Massot), entitled L'AURORÉ.

The principal part by Madlle. KATRINE.

Madlle. BOSCHETTI has arrived, and will shortly appear.

Mr. BENEDICT's Three Grand Musical Festivals, Dramatic, Classical, and Miscellaneous, on Wednesday Mornings, June 10th, 24th, and July 8th.

The Second Morning Performance, with all the Artistes of the Establishment, will take place on Monday Morning, June 29th.

### IL DON GIOVANNI.

On Thursday next, June 11th (included in the Subscription, in lieu of Saturday, 26th July), will be produced Mozart's *Chef-d'Œuvre*, with the following unprecedented Cast—Zerlina, Madlle. PICCOLLOMINI; Donna Anna, Madlle. SPEZIA; and Donna Elvira, Madlle. ORTOLANI. Don Giovanni, Sigr. BENEVENTANO; Leporello, Sigr. BELLETTI; Masetto, Sigr. CORSI; Il Commendatore, Sigr. VIALETTI; and Don Ottavio, Sigr. GIUGLINI.

Conductor . . . . . Sigr. BONETTI.

The *Misc-en-Scène* by Signor ROSZANI; the Scenery by Mr. CHARLES MARSHALL; the Dresses executed by Mrs. MANSTERMAN and M. LAUREYS, under the Direction of Madame COFFRE; the Properties, Mr. BRADWELL.

From respect to the great work of the immortal Composer, the following Artistes of the Establishment have consented to lend their assistance to increase the effect of the *Musical Finale* of the First Act, including the Chorus "Viva la Libertà." They comprise MM. RICHARDT, C. BRAHAM, BOTTARDI, MERCURIALI, KIRBY, DE SORUS, and BAILLOT; Mesdames POMA, BENT, BAILLOU, FAZIO, and RAMOS.

The following Pieces hitherto omitted will be restored—"Ah! il fuggi Traditor," sung by Madlle. ORTOLANI; "Ho capito," sung by Sigr. CORSI; "Della sua pace," sung by Sigr. GIUGLINI.

### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Under the immediate Patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge.

Mr. BENEDICT begs respectfully to announce that the first of his THREE GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVALS will take place on WEDNESDAY MORNING, June 10th.

Principal Vocalists—Madlles. PICCOLLOMINI, SPEZIA, ORTOLANI, and Made. ALBONI; Signori GIUGLINI, CORSI, BENEVENTANO, VIALETTI and BELLETTI, HERR REICHARDT, and Mr. CHARLES BRAHAM.

Instrumental Performers—Made. CLARA SCHUMANN, Messrs. ANDREOLI and BENEDICT. Violin, Herr ERNST.

Conductors . . . . . Signori BONETTI and BENEDICT.

The Programme of the first Concert is now ready, and includes the first performance in England, on the stage, of Mendelssohn's Posthumous *Finale* to the Opera of LOEVELY, the part of Leonora by Madlle. Marie SPEZIA.

The Performance will commence at Two and terminate at Five o'clock.

### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, LYCEUM.

Tuesday next.—DON GIOVANNI (first time this season), with the following powerful cast—

Donna Anna . . . . . Madame GRIET.

Zerlina . . . . . Madame BOSTO.

Elvira . . . . . Madlle. MARAI.

Don Giovanni . . . . . Sigr. RONCONI.

Leporello . . . . . Herr FORMES.

(His first appearance this season.)

Masetto . . . . . Sigr. POLONINI.

Il Commendatore . . . . . Sigr. TAGLIAFICO.

and

Don Ottavio . . . . . Sigr. MARIO.

The Minuet in the first act will be danced by Madlle. CREITO and M. DESPLACES.

Thursday.—Extra Night.—RIGOLETTO.

BOSTO, DIDIER, RONCONI, TAGLIAFICO, and MARIO.

Madlle. BALFE.—On Saturday next, Madlle. BALFE will make her third appearance in LA SONNAMBULA.

### MADAME RISTORI.—LYCEUM THEATRE.—The celebrated

Italian Tragedienne, Madame RISTORI, together with the Italian Dramatic Company, will make their first appearance on Monday next, June 8th, on which occasion will be performed the tragedy of MEDEA.

Medea . . . . . Madame RISTORI.

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Forms for opening Accounts, may be obtained at any of the Branches or Agencies, or they will be forwarded, Post free, on application to the Managing Director.

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The Invested Funds of the Society amount to . . . . . £1,029,604

The Annual Revenue, to . . . . . 176,411

The Existing Assurances, to . . . . . 4,582,098

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The last Bonus, declared in 1854, averaged 487 PER CENT. on the

Premiums paid, and amounted to . . . . . 397,000

Policies in force . . . . . 7,437

The Annual Income exceeds . . . . . 240,000

The next Division of Profits will be made in 1859.

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ALEXANDER MACDONALD, Secretary.

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At the fifth appropriation of profits for the five years terminating January 31, 1856, a reversionary bonus was declared of £1 10s. per cent. on the sums insured, and subsisting additions for every premium paid during the five years. This bonus, on policies of the longest duration, exceeds £2 5s. per cent. per annum on the original sums insured, and increases a policy of £1000 to £1638.

Proposals for insurances may be made at the chief office, as above; at the branch office, 16, Pall Mall, London; or to any of the agents throughout the kingdom.

### BONUS TABLE.

Showing the additions made to Policies of £1000 each.

Date of Insurance.	Amount of Additions to Feb. 1, 1851.	Addition made as on Feb. 1, 1856.	Sum Payable after Death.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1820	523 16 0	114 5 0	1638 1 0
1825	382 14 0	103 14 0	1486 8 0
1830	241 12 0	93 2 0	1334 14 0
1835	185 3 0	88 17 0	1274 0 0
1840	128 15 0	84 13 0	1213 8 0
1845	65 15 0	79 18 0	1145 13 0
1850	10 0 0	75 15 0	1065 15 0
1855	—	15 0 0	1015 0 0

And for intermediate years in proportion.

The next appropriation will be made in 1861.

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This Establishment will be opened in October next, for the Education of a limited number of Resident Pupils.

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The GRANGE HOUSE SCHOOL is designed to afford increased facilities for Educating Young Gentlemen of the upper ranks; to enable them to meet the higher requirements of the Scottish and English Universities; and, in particular, to prepare them, in accordance with the recent regulations of the Civil and Military Boards, for entering the Public Services at Home and in India.

In accordance with the leading design of the School, the stated Class-instruction will be confined exclusively to Professional Teachers from Edinburgh, of established reputation in their several departments.

The Private Studies of the Pupils will be superintended by Mr. W. S. DALGLEISH, and a Staff of Resident Tutors, Graduates of English, Scottish, and Continental Universities.

In the Advanced Classes for English, Mathematics, Classics, and the Modern Languages, frequent Examinations, conducted in Writing, will form an important part of the work of each Class.

Pupils, on entering the School, must not be above Fifteen, nor under Eight years of age.

THE GRANGE HOUSE, a baronial residence, is situated about a mile to the South of Edinburgh, and is consequently easily accessible to Masters professionally attending the School. The locality, in the centre of a well-sheltered district, having a Southern exposure, is widely known for its salubrity; and the Mansion-House, which occupies an elevated position, and affords ample accommodation for Seventy Resident Pupils, is peculiarly suitable for a Private Boarding and Scholastic Establishment of the highest class.

The inclosed Pleasure-Grounds, Gardens, and Park, extend over several acres; and additional playground can at any time be obtained in the immediate neighbourhood of the House.

Particular attention will be given to the Moral Training of the Pupils, as well as to their Religious Instruction—irrespective of denominational differences; and a high tone, in regard to both conduct and demeanour, will be maintained in all the departments of the School.

The domestic arrangements of the School, will be under the immediate Superintendence of Mrs. DALGLEISH and experienced Assistants.

The Dietary department will be entrusted to a House-Steward.

Mr. DALGLEISH will devote his whole time to the inspection of the Classes, the individual training of the Pupils, and the direction of the general arrangements of the Establishment.

In connexion with the opening of The Grange House School, reference is specially permitted to the following Noblemen and Gentlemen:—

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This Charity was incorporated by Act of Parliament in 1739, and a sufficient sum having been raised in Bath and elsewhere, through the munificence of one individual—Ralph Allen, of Prior Park—and the liberality of others, the Hospital was erected, and opened for the reception of patients, in 1742.

From that period to the present, it has, year by year, received within its walls patients from all parts of the United Kingdom; and of 38,094 so received, 11,193 have been sent forth quite cured, and 18,771 much relieved.

The present Building is far from satisfactory: whether as regards its deficient ventilation; the absence of many conveniences which Hospital experience of recent years has proved to be desirable; or the want of adequate accommodation for the increasing number of applicants for admission, in consequence of railway extension and other causes.

The Governors have therefore recently availed themselves of the opportunity of purchasing Premises contiguous to the Hospital, upon which they propose to erect New Wards for Female Patients, with Day Rooms adjoining, a Chapel, and Committee Room; and to provide an Exercise Ground, for the alternate use of both Sexes.

By this plan they will be able, not only to supply much in which the present Hospital is entirely deficient, but they will so far relieve the existing Building as to admit of its being very greatly improved for its future destination, viz, its exclusive occupation by Male Patients.

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Bath, May 14, 1857.

[Signed]

WILLIAM LONG, President.

P. B. DUNCAN, D.C.L.

J. H. MARLELAND, D.C.L.

JAMES S. BRYNER.

R. HALLIDAY.

T. H. KING.

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